In This Issue

VOLUME 150 OCTOBER 31, 1928 NUMBER 9

From Publisher—To You . . 1051

La Tour Eiffel, Fete de Nuit . 1052
Woodcut by AUGUSTE LEPERE

Articles

The Truth About the Bridgewater Hold-Up . . . 1053

Frank Silva's Story . . . 1055

How I Found Frank Silva . . 1060
By JACK CALLAHAN

Checking Up the Confession . 1071
By SILAS BENT

The Bridgewater Trial . . 1076

OPENING STATEMENT FOR THE COMMONWEALTH BY MR. KANE 1078

OPENING STATEMENT FOR THE DEFENSE BY MR. GRAHAM 1083

The World This Week

Hoover and Smith and Tariff . 1064

The Thieving Mississippi . . 1064

Sewer Graft 1064

Smith and the Professors . . 1065

An Oil Lease Is Canceled . . 1065

S-4 Again in Service . . . 1065

Graf Zeppelin's Flight . . . 1065

The Church and Prejudice . 1066

Bad News 1066

A Summary for the Church . 1067

A Spectacle for Promoters . 1067

Travelers and Spenders . . 1068

On Preventing Cancer . . 1068

Klan Declared Insolvent . . 1068

An African Pompeii . . . 1068

Vacations for Workmen . . 1068

Editorials

For Shorter and Better Campaigns 1069

Departments

The Theatre 1086
By FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS 1080

Reviews by THE EDITOR, BEN WASSON AND HAROLD BYRON

Readers and Writers . . . 1081
By ERNEST BOYD

FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY, Publisher-Editor

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

PARKHURST WHITNEY WALTER R. BROOKS ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT
MALCOLM WATERS DAVIS HAROLD T. PULSIFER FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS
RICHARD E. DANIELSON STEWART BEACH CHRISTIAN A. HERTER
JOHN LANGDON LEIGHTON HELEN W. CHANDLER

WILLIAM L. ETTINGER, JR., Advertising Manager
WILLIAM A. GREVERS, Circulation Manager

The Outlook and Independent is indexed in the Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature

THE OUTLOOK AND INDEPENDENT, October 31, 1928. Volume 150, Number 9. Published weekly by The Outlook Company at 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription price $5.00 a year. Single copies 15 cents each. Foreign subscription to countries in the Postal Union, $6.56. Entered as second-class matter, July 21, 1893, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., and July 20, 1928, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1928, by The Outlook Company.

IN ANY SOCIETY which is to endure, the administration of justice is one of the foundation stones. For if through error or prejudice one man can suffer injustice at the hands of the law, there is no guaranty that another may not also—and, given other circumstances, that other man may be you or I. Once men lose faith in the administration of their laws, society is on the road to disintegration.

IT IS for this reason that there is laid upon the press of any country the profound obligation of eternal vigilance and close scrutiny where courts, legal procedures and lawyers are concerned.

IT IS in response to this obligation that The Outlook and Independent prints in this issue the results of its investigation of the conviction of Bartolomeo Vanzetti for the Bridgewater hold-up. Judges, like other men, are human, in their capacity for error. So are lawyers. Men accused of crime may be poorly defended, or dishonestly defended, as well as honestly and ably dealt with. No man in his senses believes that all judges can lay aside their prejudices and opinions when they mount the bench. Juries are human and make mistakes.

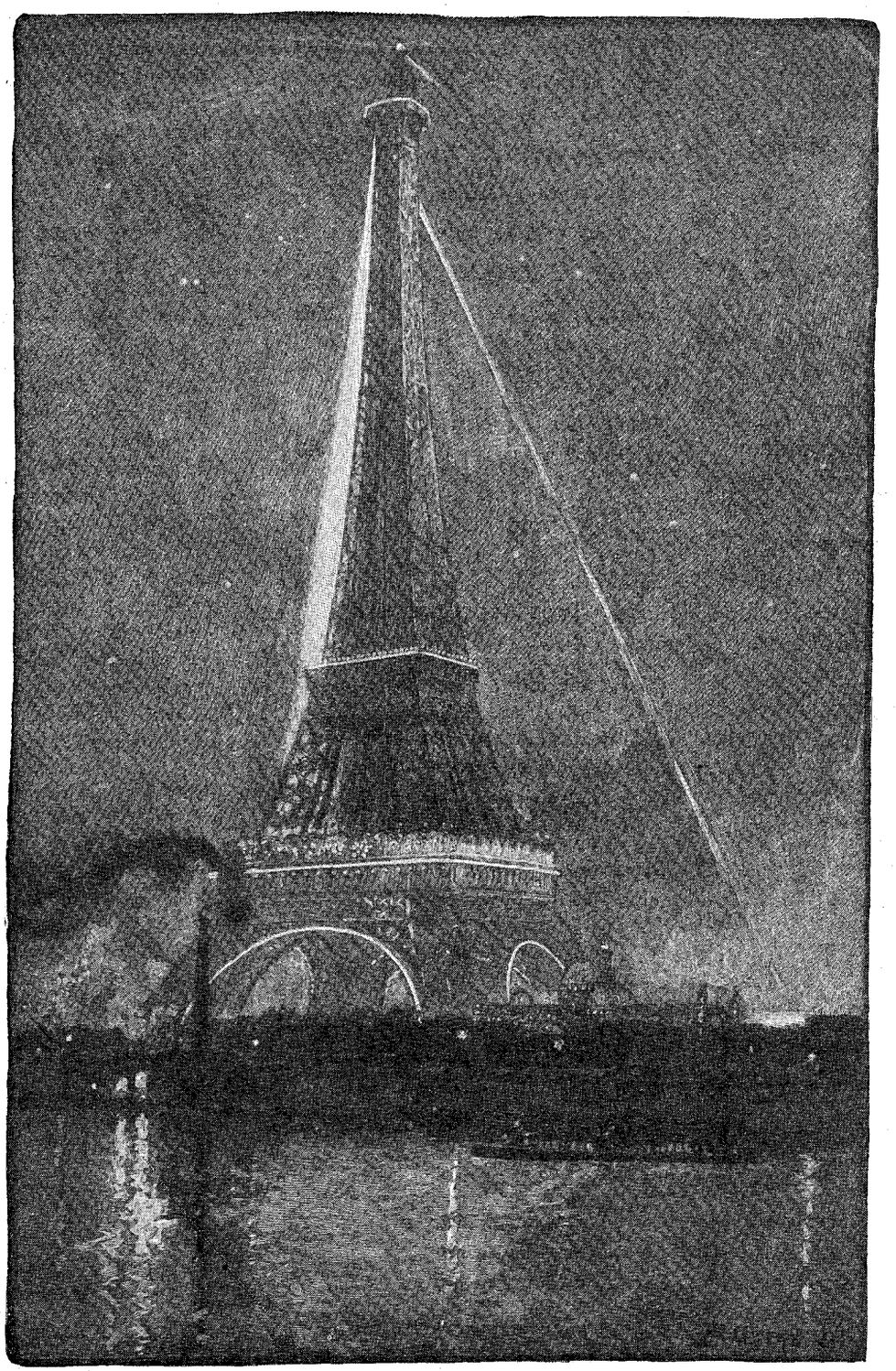
YET, our system is the only means we have of dealing out justice and protecting society. We can improve this system, but we cannot discard it. To keep it functioning at its best requires the vigilance of every good citizen to see that the fewest possible mistakes are made, that innocent men are not wrongly convicted, that incompetent judges are retired, and incompetent or dishonest lawyers disbarred.

THIS journal passes no judgment in presenting the results of its investigation in this particular case. It lays what it has honestly found before the people and opens its columns for comment to Governor Fuller, his Advisory Committee, the attorneys for the defense and for the prosecution.

IN THE END, society always finds that full discussion and open debate is the best way to conserve what it has. To that end, we hope all concerned in this particular case will co-operate with us.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LA TOUR EIFFEL, FETE DE NUIT

Wood Engraving by Auguste Lepère

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Outlook
and Independent
October 31, 1928

The Truth About the Bridgewater Hold-up

The First of the Crimes for Which Vanzetti Was Convicted

ON THE evening of May 5, 1920, four Italians called at the door of a Mr. Johnson's house in Bridgewater, Massachusetts. They asked to be allowed to use the automobile of a friend of theirs, which had been in Johnson's garage for some time to be repaired. Refused, they left the house. One departed on a motorcycle; one on foot; the other two boarded a street car for Brockton. As the street car entered Brockton, two policemen boarded it and the two men were arrested and taken to the Brockton Police Station. Later, the third Italian on the motorcycle was brought in and also held.

As a result of the police interviews, one of the Italians was let go. The other two were held and charged with a double crime—first: the attempted hold-up and robbery of a truck containing the payroll for the L. Q. White Shoe Company, in the early morning of December 24, 1919, some months before; second: the hold-up and murder of the paymasters of the Slater and Morrill Shoe Factory at South Braintree on April 15, 1920, three weeks previously.

The names of these two men were Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti.

These two men had been friends for years. They belonged to a group of anarchists of Boston, some of whom were suspected, by the Department of Justice as well as the police of Massachusetts, of being terrorists. Both were Italians well known in the communities where they worked.

Vanzetti, in particular, had been one of the leaders in the Plymouth Cordage Strike of 1916. When that strike was concluded, he was the only worker the factory refused to re-employ, so that in order to make a living he had taken to peddling fish and eels to his Italian friends. Sacco worked in a shoe factory in Stoughton, Massachusetts, where he punched a time clock. Although well known as a radical, he had for some years held steady jobs.

MONTHS had gone by since the original hold-up of the pay truck in Bridgewater occurred. But when the Braintree crime happened, also, Stewart, Chief of Police of Bridgewater, for reasons of his own, formed the theory that both the hold-up and murder at South Braintree and the attempted hold-up at Bridgewater had been committed by the same men; and that these two men were Sacco and Vanzetti. In this theory, presumably, he was strengthened by the results of the arrest and detention of these two men in the Brockton Police Station. On them were found revolvers and shells. Furthermore, when first questioned regarding their whereabouts and actions both lied—for a very good reason, as will appear later.

To the police, these men were dangerous characters, because of their connection with the Galleani group of anarchists in Boston. At the moment of their arrest, they said they were calling for their friend's car at Johnson's garage in order to use it to transport literature. In addition, it was known that Vanzetti three days previously had been in New York seeing the lawyers for a certain Salsedo, a member of their group who while detained by Department of Justice agents had either jumped or been thrown from an eleventh story window in lower New York City. Mrs. Johnson, herself, had been instructed to telephone the Chief of Police if any of this group came to her house to secure the automobile. And their arrest, upon the street car, directly followed her telephone call, presumably in order to secure some of the reward which had been posted—and was later paid.

CHARGING both men with the South Braintree crime and murder and the Bridgewater hold-up, the authorities for some reason elected to try the Bridgewater hold-up first. Sacco and the third Italian, Orciani, were able instantly to prove that they were elsewhere on the twenty-fourth of December, 1919. Vanzetti, alone, therefore, was charged with the first crime—which admittedly had been committed by three or four men—and brought to trial.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mainly by means of identification (by the State's witnesses) and by the discrediting of the many witnesses called in his defense, who swore that he was elsewhere selling fish and eels at the time, he was convicted and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment in the State prison at Charlestown by Judge Thayer.

When the South Braintree trial opened, therefore—again before Judge Thayer—both Sacco and Vanzetti were known as members of a group of anarchists, widely suspected in official circles of being terrorists; they were known to be good friends, and one of them was already convicted, guilty of a crime similar to the South Braintree crime.

After a long trial, both were convicted, of the second offense, and sentenced to death. Despite all efforts made in their behalf, the sentence was carried out and they were both executed in August, 1927, at the Massachusetts State prison in Charlestown.

From this brief survey it will be seen how vitally important, in any survey of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, are the facts about the Bridgewater hold-up and trial.

FROM the first, The Outlook was doubtful whether the full truth would ever be told, on both sides. It realized the enormous difficulties inherent in ascertaining all the facts, both because of the huge ramifications of the case, and because of the length of time that had elapsed since the crime had been committed. Over $300,000 had been spent in the defense of Sacco and Vanzetti, and, presumably, every effort had been made to uncover the truth. Not only had Governor Fuller conducted a State police investigation, but the Lowell Committee, itself, had made every effort to get at the bottom of the matter. Furthermore, with the opinions of the men executed, The Outlook was not in sympathy. Nor was it concerned with attacking Governor Fuller or the administration of justice in his Commonwealth. It was, however, interested to the last degree in the cause of truth and genuine justice in America, and it had, finally, become morally convinced that the trials of these men as carried on were open to question and that more than a possibility existed of one of the gravest miscarriages of justice in history.

When, therefore, Silas Bent, well-known writer, brought to its attention various stories from the underworld, which had seeped through to Jack Callahan, newspaper man and old friend of Silas Bent, it was willing to make an effort to see if the truth at this late date could still be ascertained. As a result of several meetings with Mr. Callahan, The Outlook decided to finance an investigation to be conducted by him among his old underworld acquaintances, in the only manner left untried by the various parties hitherto interested in the case. In attempting to do this, no help was sought from either side in Massachusetts. An independent investigation was gotten under way. For many months there seemed but slight chance of success. And not until August of this year did the facts of the Bridgewater case at last come into the hands of The Outlook in sufficiently tangible form to be checked up and their accuracy tested.

Finally, in September of this year, Jack Callahan brought to the offices of The Outlook one Frank Silva, whom Mr. Callahan after much difficulty had persuaded to come to New York to talk over making an affidavit regarding the Bridgewater hold-up in return for money.

The Outlook, naturally, objected to the payment of any money for such evidence on the ground that it would prejudice the facts so obtained. For a long time this difficulty prevented further progress. With the help of one James Mede of Boston, however, former friend of Frank Silva and the man in whose cigar store the Bridgewater crime had been originally planned, satisfactory arrangements were agreed upon. The money to be paid to Silva for his facts was deposited in the Corn Exchange Bank in New York City to the account of James Mede and the Publisher of The Outlook, with the understanding that if the affidavit which Silva gave was susceptible of proof, and was borne out by the material already in The Outlook's hands, the money would be paid him after thirty days.

ONCE this agreement was arrived at, Frank Silva, who had been one of the gangsters who committed the crime, gave The Outlook the facts contained in the sworn statement printed in this issue. James Mede did likewise. When the story was completed, Silva and Mede took Silas Bent and Jack Callahan to Boston, secured an automobile and rehearsed the crime for them all over again, thus affording Mr. Bent and Mr. Callahan every opportunity to check up on Silva's statements. Meanwhile, the original transcript of the Bridgewater trial had been secured from the Harvard Law Library—it having developed that the State of Massachusetts had either lost or destroyed its copy of the case—and the confession was checked with the evidence of the trial itself. It was then subjected to the added test of the Pinkerton reports made in December and January, 1919-1920, copies of which were in The Outlook's possession. Finally, the whole testimony was presented to reputable New York lawyers in whom The Outlook had confidence.

THE RESULT, in The Outlook's opinion, is the complete exoneration of Vanzetti from any part in the Bridgewater hold-up for which he was sentenced for fifteen years, and which led, directly, to his conviction for the Braintree crime and subsequent execution. All participants in the crime have been identified and all important statements made to The Outlook's investigators have been checked, and in all vital particulars corroborated. Only one conclusion, in our view, is possible: Vanzetti was not present at the commission of the Bridgewater crime and had no connection with it or knowledge of it whatever.

In view of the fact that the Bridgewater trial was, in effect, the first half of the Braintree trial, for which Vanzetti and Sacco were executed, The Outlook is printing herewith all the documents mentioned, including all important sections of the original record of the Bridgewater trial, itself, together with such statements of Vanzetti's as are necessary to make clear the background of passion and prejudice before which this drama was enacted. For a complete understanding of the whole tangle of ambitions, lies, loyalties, beliefs, prejudices and fears connected with the two trials, a volume would be necessary. The Outlook does not care to deal in these except in so far as they are necessary to a reasonable understanding of how this thing could have happened.

It presents herewith proof of the innocence of Vanzetti at Bridgewater —including documentary proof of the express company's delivery of eels to Vanzetti—one of the things which Governor Fuller said was lacking in Vanzetti's defense.

At the same time, The Outlook is sending Governor Fuller the following letter:

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Monday, October 22, 1928

Hon. Alvan T. Fuller
Governor of Massachusetts
State House
Boston, Massachusetts

YOUR EXCELLENCY:

For many months The Outlook has been conducting a disinterested, careful and searching investigation into the crime committed at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, in the early morning of December 24, 1919, where bandits attempted to hold up and rob a truck containing the payroll for the L. Q. White Shoe Company. All the participants in this crime have been identified and all important statements made to our investigators have been checked, and in all vital particulars corroborated. The conclusions of our investigation establish, we are confident, that Vanzetti was not present at the commission of the crime and had no connection with it or knowledge of it whatever.

Recognizing the serious implications of such a conclusion with respect to the administration of justice in your Commonwealth, and realizing that even in an investigation conducted in the disinterested spirit and with the care and caution which have been exercised in this case, there is still a chance for error in some particular, and knowing that you, with the aid of your State Police, made an independent investigation of the circumstances of the Bridgewater crime, we are anxious in the interests of truth to have the opportunity of submitting the article to you for such comment or statement thereon as you may deem fitting.

We therefore beg to inquire whether Your Excellency desires to read the article. If so, I shall deem it a privilege to come to Boston in person to lay the article before you.

Respectfully yours,
FRANCIS RUFUS BELLAMY

▸▸ Frank Silva's Story ◂◂

IN the early winter of 1919, while Sacco was working in the Three K shoe factory at Stoughton, Massachusetts, while Vanzetti was peddling fish and eels to Italians in Plymouth, Massachusetts, there lived on Hanover Street in the Italian quarter of Boston a man called Frank Silva. Born in Italy, he had been brought to this country at the age of ten—some thirty-five years ago—and in his turbulent young manhood had become a gangster. Time and again he had been in the toils for crimes of violence. But in 1919 he was at liberty and his favorite hang-out was "Big Chief" Mede's taxicab, shoeshining and cigar stand on Hanover Street. Here James Mede provided the headquarters for the gang of which he was leader, and of which Silva was a part. Here, Mede planned crimes; others, like Silva, executed them. Seldom did Mede himself take part in them.

At this time, this resort of criminals was a gathering place also for other gangsters—in particular for a man named Michael (Doggy) Bruno, for a certain Joseph Sanmarco, now serving a life sentence for killing a Boston policeman, and for another Italian named Guinea Oates. On the twenty-fourth of December, 1919, this last named Guinea Oates took a seven-passenger Buick car from Needham, where he lived, to Boston. In it, in the early morning, he and Doggy Bruno and Joe Sanmarco and Frank Silva set out for Bridgewater, where they made a bungling attempt to rob the paytruck of the L. Q. White Shoe Company. They failed. In their curtained car they fled back to Boston. Instantly, all four separated. And almost as promptly, Frank Silva and Doggy Bruno shaved off their close-cropped mustaches. Remember this fact—these mustaches.

But, let Frank Silva himself tell the story.

August 10, 1928

City of New York :
: *ss*
State of New York :

Frank Silva being duly sworn on his oath deposes and says:

Some time ago, (twelve years ago) I went to work for the L. Q. White Shoe Company in Bridgewater, Massachusetts. I worked there for a short time and I was not satisfied with the salary I was getting. I wasn't getting much of a salary. So I quit the job and came back to Boston. I loafed until 1917.

In the summer of 1917 I got to hanging around Jimmie's place in a bootblack shop and there I got acquainted with some of the underworld people. While I was hanging around there, I could hear all kinds of talk and all kinds of planning of robberies. So I got to talking to myself and thinking of all the easy money these people were getting, dressing up nice, and my being like a real tramp. I figured it all out. I says, "I got to make some easy money. I'm going out to get it. To Hell with going out to work any more. I am sick and tired of it."

One day I asked Jimmie Mede in his place—I happened to be talking to him—that I would like to get some easy money. Of course, San Marco was there. So I said to Jimmie: "The first chance you get to ring me in on some job, do so and you won't regret it as you know me for quite awhile as being a sticker." So Jimmie says to me, "Frank," he says, "I have a job to pull off in two or three months and I'll see if I can't ring you in. I'm almost sure that I can ring you in." So I said, "Fine."

I says, "Jimmie," I says, "as long as you are going to ring me in on this job"—and I remind myself of some job in Bridgewater where I worked some time ago. Some friend of mine, whose name I don't remember, come to my house in Boston and asked me if I was willing to go to work in a shoe factory. I said, "Where?" He said, "Some shoe factory in Bridgewater." I didn't ask the name of the factory because I could find it when I went to work. While I was working, I asked the fellow. I says "When do they pay here? How often do they pay off?" He says, "Once a week." I says, "When?" He says to me, "On Thursday." And then I asked him, I says, "If a holiday comes on a payday, when do they pay you?" He says, "They pay you the day before." And, I says, "That's good." That ended the conversation as far as getting paid was concerned. This Jimmie asks me, he says, "how much money is in it?" And I said, "I believe there is about $20,000 or $30,000 or maybe more." So he asked me, for him and I and Joe San Marco, if we would go to see it. And look the place over. This was the L. Q. White Shoe Factory.

I said, "yes, we can go." So I says, "How about a car?" Jimmie says, "Well

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I got a car. I got a Winton six." "Well," he says, "When do you want to go?" I says "Just as soon as you can, Jimmie."

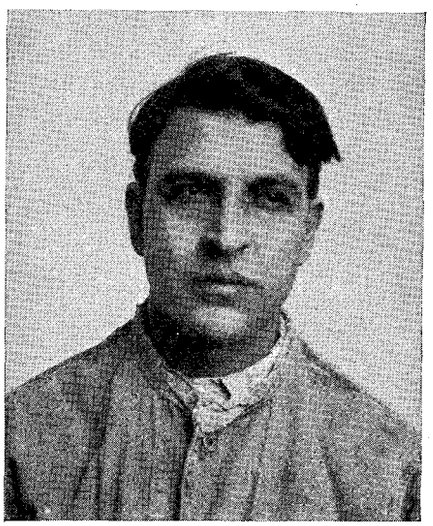
Some time later we met Joe San Marco and the three of us we go in the bootblack store on Hanover Street, Boston. It was a few days previous to this conversation that we suggested to meet Jimmie and San Marco and go over. So we went, the three of us together with the Winton six car to Bridgewater and looked the place over, until the three of us were satisfied with the plant. And we went a day or two later again to Bridgewater. We went over to look the roads over to see the easiest way we could get away from the job.

At the same time, Jimmie gets in trouble in 1917. I think it was in November that he got into trouble. Jimmie got in trouble in November, 1917, and Joe and I waited to see what was the outcome of Jimmie's case. The outcome was that Jimmie got time and was sent away to State Prison and then Joe and I drop the case and we didn't do anything more about the Bridgewater job.

At the same time, the war was going on in 1917. Joe went to the Navy and I joined the Service, and practically all of my friends were gone, and we couldn't do the job very well with people that we didn't know and couldn't trust anyhow.

Two years later in 1919, I believe it was, the first part of December, around the eighth or tenth, I'm not sure, we got together, Joe and I. I was hanging around Hanover Street, then, in North end, and I says to Joe, "Are you doing anything much?" He says, "No, Frank, I'm not doing anything." He says, "Are you doing anything?" And I says, "No, Joe, I'm broker than you are, I believe." So he says, "Why don't we get together and see if we can make some money?" So I says, "Joe, I think that Bridgewater job is still good as far as I know. I have not read any papers about anybody tackling it." He says, "If you think that the job is still good and nobody has touched it, why don't we go out and look the thing over?" I says, "But remember we can't pull the job, you and I alone. We need more than two men to pull off that job." So he says, "I know a couple of fellows that are good fellows, regular fellows," so I says, "Who are they?" So he says, "But you will know them if I bring them here. You will know them." So I says, "Mention me their names and I will tell you so if they are all right, and if they ain't, I'll tell you if they are not all right." He says, "Doggy, and Guinea Oates." Doggy's last name was Bruno. I don't know his first name.

These two fellows looked all right to me. Joe told me that these fellows were regular stick-up men and I knew that so long as Joe was my friend, I could trust him. So I says, "Joe, you know we haven't got much time to wait if we're going to pull the job. We better pull it pretty quick." So he says, to me, "I will get in touch with them within a day or two, just as soon as possibly I can." So within a day, I think it was, he brought down Doggy and Guinea Oates. So Joe says to Guinea Oates and Doggy, "Let's talk this thing over



FRANK SILVA, ALIAS PAUL MARTINI

somewhere where nobody can listen to the conversation." Guinea Oates says, "I got a car. We can go out to Bridgewater with my car." I asked him what kind of a car it was, me and Joe. Guinea Oates says, "It's a pretty good car. It's a big Buick touring car." So he asked me if that would satisfy me to make the trip. "Well," I says, "as far as I'm concerned, it suits me for I don't know much about cars." Guinea then says to me, he says, "This will take you any place and as fast as any car they make today." I says, "Fine." So we made arrangements a few days later to go to Bridgewater, a couple of times and look the roads over and find out which is the easiest way to make our get away, after we pulled the job. So we hanged around there two or three days. We hanged around some pool room, I think it was on Broad Street in Bridgewater—that is, the four of us. I played a little pool, me and San Marco, because I can play pool good. Then we went down the square to find out where the Bridgewater Trust was. This is where the L. Q. White get their money. We hanged around for awhile, maybe two or three hours, to look the roads over, because when Jimmie and I and San Marco went over there we had to go over these roads again on account of Jimmie being sent away. The fellow that talked to me when I first went to work, he told me that they usually pay pretty early before the holiday. If Thursday is a holiday, they will pay you the day before, pretty early in the morning. Of course, he couldn't tell me exactly because he wasn't the man who pays off the employees.

So we hanged around there two or three days looking the job over and the roads. We went back to Boston. Two or three days before we went to pull off the job, the four of us got in Guinea Oates' car and he says to me, "Boy," (he was talking to me, specially because he didn't know me very well. He knew Joe very well.) he said, "we're going from here—we're going to Needham, Massachusetts." He says, "I'm very well acquainted over there. I got plenty of friends and I'm going to look over a job." So I says, "All right, let's go." We went to Needham, the four of us, and when we reached Needham, "Boys," Guinea Oates says, "Let's get off the car, I'm going to look over this particular job, we're talking about, and we will pull that off right after the Bridgewater job whether it's successful or not." Guinea Oates, Doggy, and Joe San Marco, together, they went in one direction, and I went to some garage, and I believe, if I'm not mistaken, there was a police station near that garage. Anyway I seen a police station near this garage, if I saw the place, I know that I will be able to identify it. When I went into the garage I got talking to some man there. I don't know whether I would be able to recognize him or not. I think we were talking about some license plates. You know, for the job. So in a few minutes he leaves me. I don't see anybody around in the garage. I looks around and I sees some old car. I says to myself, now is my chance to get number plates and save the trouble for my friends if they can't get any, for I wasn't sure whether they had any number plates for the job. So I took the number plates from the car and I put them underneath my coat and walked out back where the boys were.

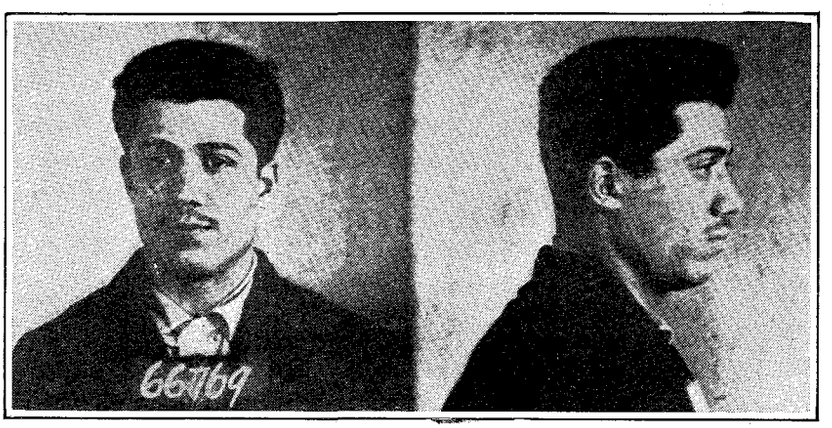
The boys all were back in the car. I says, "Boys, I got some number plates which we can use for the Bridgewater job." I says, "Have you got any num-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ber plates besides these here?" I says to Guinea Oates. He says, "No." He says, "It's a damn good thing you got them. It's a lot of trouble for me to get them and saves a lot of time, because the Bridgewater job is very near to pull it off." I says, "Where we going, boys?" Some of the boys, suggested, I believe it was Doggy and Guinea Oates, he says, "Let's drive over to Bridgewater again and see how many officers is around the town and how often they are in the square and on Broad Street where we are going to pull off the job." I could walk from the factory to the bank in about five minutes. We decided that we should pull the job about 150 or 250 feet from the square on the way to the factory along Broad Street, so we went over to Bridgewater. We got off and walked and we walked down Broad Street as far as the railroad station. Finally, we came to an agreement that we should pull the job before you get to the railroad station near Hale Street. So we come to a conclusion that Hale Street would be the place to park the car on the morning of the robbery. This same day we went back to Boston and we retired for the day. The following day the four of us took another look at the job and the streets and road. We wasted a little more time looking around the roads and we go back to Boston, and when we go back to Boston before we separated ourselves we arranged for the morning of the robbery. Where to meet, and what time to meet. And, "Remember, boys, that tomorrow is the day we are either going to be rich or something else is liable to happen." That made the date of the robbery Wednesday, December 24, 1919, two days after I got the license plates in Needham, Monday.

I says, "Boys, tomorrow morning at five o'clock and not a minute later at the North End Park, we will meet without fail, rain or shine, and do not forget to get prepared with your tools. We know what we want." They says, "all right, Frank, we'll be there, good night Frank." They went away, and I went about my business.

At five o'clock, Wednesday morning, they were there a few minutes later, possibly five minutes for I don't have any watch in my pocket. Maybe they did. Before we started to go to Bridgewater to pull the job I asked the boys, one by one, I says, "Doggy," I says, "how are you fixed?" He says, "I'm fixed all right." I says, "What kind of a gun have you got?" He says, "Goddammit, I got something better'n automatic gun." I says, "What's that?" He says, "A sawed off shot gun." He had a sawed off shot gun. I says, "All right, how about you, Joe?" That's Joseph San Marco. "Well," he says, "I got a pretty good gun." He says, "A brand new automatic." I says, "Guinea, what have you got?" He says, "I got a plain thirty-eight," and I says, "I got a thirty-eight gun too." Mine was no Smith and Wesson. It was one of those white handled ones.



"DOGGY" BRUNO
The Man with the Sawed-off Shotgun

I says, "Well, everybody is prepared. Let's start." It's getting pretty late, so we started out toward Bridgewater to pull off the job. We went through Mattapan way and I don't remember the roads because I was never towards that way, but I do remember when we went through Brockton, and after that I don't know the rest of the roads until we got to Bridgewater in Broad Street. You know, all the curtains of our car were down. We got in Bridgewater about six-thirty, maybe a few minutes earlier or later. It's only a matter of guess. We went down Broad Street into some restaurant after we parked our car on Hale Street about fifteen or twenty feet going away from Broad Street. I says, "Boys, let's go down and have something to eat because this is liable to be our last meal" which it was the truth, so we all agreed to get off the car and went to some restaurant on Broad Street on the left as you go down towards Broad Street, towards the station.

We went in there and we had something to eat. I got through, and Doggy got through ahead of Joe and ahead of Guinea Oates. So I says, "Boys, youse two just as soon as you get through eating go back and take position in the car, you stay at the wheel Guinea Oates and don't move until I tell you so. We, Doggy and I, are going up to the square and watch out for the Ford trucks to come from the factory to the bank." So me and Doggy went up the square right opposite the bank and watched for the truck which was going to carry the money from the bank to the factory. So we had been waiting there, I don't know, maybe fifteen or twenty minutes, and all of a sudden, Doggy and I were talking about something, we wished this thing would come through, and we won't have to work for a long time. All of a sudden, I turned around and I sees the Ford truck with no curtains on the sides. They were rolled up. I says, "Doggy," I says, there's the truck, let's go." He says, "Where is it?" I says, "There it is in front of the bank, facing toward Broad Street." We expected the truck to come from Broad Street into the square but I guess the truck must have come in by another street. I says, "Let's go. We aren't going to lose any time. We might as well wait where the rest of the boys are at Hale Street and wait till the truck comes."

So we waited down Hale Street after we left the truck at the Square. Doggy got into the car. Joe went into the car and the driver, Guinea Oates, was at the wheel. Guinea Oates was at the wheel and Joe and Doggy were in the back seat. I says, "Boys, I'm going to be the lookout man and tell you when the truck is coming, and when it does come, you'll know it from me, for I'm going to give you a signal." The signal was, "Let's go." That meant to back up our car towards Broad Street and when I say, "Let's go," you know that the car that carries the pay roll is about 150 or 250 feet away from where we are going to pull the job and block the payroll from going any further. So they all agreed. Bye and bye, maybe fifteen minutes, maybe fifteen minutes after I went away, I saw the truck coming down about 200

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feet away, and I says, "Boys, here comes the truck, let's go." So when I said that the car backed out. I was behind one of the trees just a little way from Hale St. on Broad Street. When I say "Let's go" our car backed out immediately and stopped pretty near the center of the street. The car track is in the middle of the street you know, and right behind the payroll car there was an electric car. But when we stopped, maybe fifteen or twenty feet away from the pay roll car, they all got off from the car and all of us said "stick 'em up." The driver was on the front seat of the payroll truck and there were two men inside, one sitting on one side of the truck and one man was sitting, I believe, it was on the payroll box.

When we said, "stick 'em up," instead of the driver sticking up his hands, and the rest of them they kept on going, and all of a sudden shots were fired from both sides. Most of us were behind some trees or posts, a few feet from Hale Street. I seen this man that was sitting on the side seat, I don't know who it was, but it was a big man. He got up from his seat and grabbed the driver's wheel and while he was grabbing the driver's wheel, the street car comes down and cuts us off from seeing the truck. All of a sudden I heard a noise. We heard some glass breaking. We couldn't see the payroll car any more. We all got on our car and we shot straight through Hale Street into Plymouth Street to the right on Plymouth Street, when we came from Hale Street. We didn't go toward the square, but we went some street around the square. No cars followed us, and one of the fellows says to me, I think it was Guinea Oates, "Goddammit, we almost tipped over some horse and wagon," and I says, "Let him go to Hell, let him get away, we don't care anything about a horse and wagon." That's before we got to Plymouth Street. I believe and I think, if I remember right, that the name of the next street that we took was some kind of a boulevard, it was a boulevard. I am not quite sure but I think it was Cove Street or Grove Street towards Boston. When we got to some kind of a cemetery, I don't know whether it was a Christian cemetery or a Catholic cemetery, I got off to take off the number plate of the car. We had stopped and put on the number plates before we got to Bridgewater that morning. We left our own plates on all the time and put our new plates on top of them. When I took off the number plates at the cemetery I started to bend them and gave them to one of the fellows on the inside. I said, "Youse fellows know what to do with these." Doggy took them and threw them into the first deep water that we found beyond the cemetery. So from the cemetery on we cut in through the main road from Boston. Guinea Oates was the driver and he knew where he was going. I didn't know the roads.

So I sat in the back seat, me and Joe Knapp, sat in the back seat, and Doggy sat in the front. Joe Knapp is Joe San Marco. So I says, "Boys, when we get to town," I says, "everybody for themselves." Although I don't see Doggy move from the time that I gave him the number plates, he could have thrown the number plates any time without my seeing him. So they left me off in Dorchester Avenue somewhere in Boston. I think it is somewhere before you get to A Street. Anyway, I took the car, went to South Station, and then I grabbed the elevated train and then I went home and I have not seen or heard any of the other three after we separated with the exception of Joe San Marco being in trouble in 1920.

We didn't talk about the Needham job. We were all excited. Since I left them I haven't seen those people any more until now. Before I went away I was supposed to have Christmas dinner with my folks in Boston. I didn't enjoy it. I was broke and desperate.

There was some Jew from New York that was hanging around in Boston and I got acquainted with him. He was way worst off than I was as far as financial things is concerned. He was in rags. So he told me that he had a big job in New York if I cared to mix myself in with any of his friends, and I asked him how big a job it was. And he said, "It's worth while taking a chance." So I was broke and he was broke. The night before New Year's, 1919, this was, I borrowed $50 from a particular friend of mine. I don't care to mention his name, and I went to New York at New Year's. I arrived in New York at New Year's. I got into trouble in New York, stayed in New York about nine or ten months and went to the Federal Prison, Atlanta. Joe San Marco committed murder in January, one month after the Bridgewater job and was sent to Atlanta for life. I think Doggy is serving time in New York. I don't know where Oates is.

(Signed) Frank Silva.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of August, 1928.

(Signed) J. Lynn Eddy.

Once Silva had told his story the following questions were asked him in The Outlook office.

August 10, 1928.

City of New York :
: ss
State of New York :

Jack Callahan being duly sworn on his oath deposes and says that the following questions were asked by him this day of Frank Silva, and Frank Silva, being duly sworn on his oath deposes and says that his answers to the questions which follow are true to the best of his knowledge and belief:

Q. You had been in other hold-ups before the Bridgewater attempt?

A. Yes. I was no saint. I wasn't telling the public, though.

Q. What time do you think the attempted hold-up of the L. Q. White Company pay-roll truck occurred?

A. So far as I can remember it was between half past seven and quarter of eight. I don't think it was eight o'clock.

Q. Was Doggy Bruno, Guinea Oates, and Joe San Marco out of the car when you shouted "stick 'em up" to the guards and driver of the payroll truck?

A. No. Only Doggy and Joe San Marco was out. Only Guinea Oates remained in the car.

Q. Do you remember how your pals were dressed?

A. Well, I know they had overcoats and soft hats. No caps.

Q. Any masks?

A. No.

Q. Hats pulled down over their eyes?

A. Yes.

Q. Coat collars up?

A. I don't remember, but we always do, so they can't identify us so easy.

Q. Do you remember the name of the man with whom you worked in the L. Q. White Factory, who told you about the payroll truck and the amount of money that it carried on pay days?

A. No. I don't remember his name.

Q. Were there any automobiles or any citizens near the scene of the attempted hold-up at the time you tried to stage it?

A. Not as far as I know.

Q. Did anybody pursue you?

A. Not as far as we know. Of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

course there might have been people after us.

Q. I suppose it was the street car that upset you?

A. Absolutely. The street car cut us off between our car and the payroll truck.

Q. After you and Doggy Bruno saw the payroll truck arrive at the Bridgewater Trust Company did you go on back to Hale Street where Guinea Oates and Joe San Marco were with the Buick car?

A. Yes sir. Immediately.

Q. Did you and Doggy get in the car?

A. No. We did not get in the car. Just Doggy got in the car. I was behind a tree or a post.

Q. Why did you stand behind the post or tree?

A. To notify the others when the payroll car came down.

Q. From where you were standing had you a clear view of Broad Street toward the square from which point the payroll truck was coming?

A. Oh, positively.

Q. You said you heard some glass breaking after the payroll truck pulled away. Do you know where this was breaking?

A. I don't know. It might have been the wind shield. I can't tell.

Q. Where were you sitting when you started to make your escape out of Bridgewater?

A. The back seat.

Q. When you ordered the men in the payroll truck to throw their hands did they begin shooting?

A. I believe they did. Instead of stopping they kept going and began to shoot. I'm pretty sure.

Q. Then what did you and your pals do?

A. I, for one, ran behind a post or a tree to protect myself from getting shot.

Q. What did Doggy and San Marco do?

A. I suppose they did the same thing, too.

Q. Did you and your pals continue to shoot at the occupants of the payroll truck while it was pulling away?

A. After the street car came between the two of us the firing was stopped as far as we were concerned.

Q. Did the men in the payroll truck continue to shoot at you and your pals?

A. Well, we didn't know which side stopped first.

Q. What did you and your pals do after the payroll truck went down the street?

A. We jumped in the car and made our escape.

Q. You spoke about entering a garage in Needham to steal a set of license plates. Why did you want another set of license plates?

A. To cover up our numbers so that they would not be able to identify our numbers.

Q. Is that the customary thing with hold-up men?

A. Yes.

Q. How many men were on the front seat of the payroll truck.

A. One man, just the chauffeur, I believe.

Q. How many men were in the rear?

A. Two.

Q. Do you know how many men in the payroll truck had guns and were shooting at you and your pals?

A. That I cannot say—whether the whole three of them or just two had guns. As a rule, I believe the two back men have guns and maybe the driver, too.

JOSEPH SAN MARCO

Q. Do you know Bartolomeo Vanzetti?

A. No, sir.

Q. You know all the Italians in the New England underworld?

A. Well, not all of them, but the best part of them.

Q. Did you ever hear any of your underworld associates say that they knew Vanzetti before the robbery?

A. No. I never heard them talk about him.

Q. When did you first hear that Vanzetti had been arrested for the attempted hold-up of the L. W. White Company's payroll truck?

A. When Moore* came down to Atlanta to see me. I don't know whether it was 1920 or 1921.

Q. When you went in the Needham Garage to steal the license plates, did you talk with anybody in the garage?

A. I talked with some man. I don't know whether he was the boss or a stranger.

(Signed) Frank Silva.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of August, 1928.

(Signed) J. Lynn Eddy.

When Silva dictated this affidavit in the office of The Outlook, he was accompanied by Big Chief Mede and Jack Callahan. Mede was asked whether Silva's story was true.

"Sure," he replied. "I wouldn't be here if it weren't."

"Will you confirm it?"

"Certainly." So Mede made an affidavit. Here it is.

August 10, 1928.

City of New York :
: ss
State of New York :

Jimmie Mede being duly sworn on his oath, deposes and says:

I have known Frank Silva for twenty years or more. I have known San Marco for fifteen years or more. I have known Bruno all my life, and Guinea Oates for about five or six years before the Bridgewater job. In the year of 1917, I was running a cigar, bootblack and taxi stand on Hanover Street, Boston, and it was a hang-out for gangsters. Many hold-up jobs were planned there. One of them was the Bridgewater, L. Q. White Shoe factory job.

Silva told me about it one evening, and Silva, San Marco and I on two different occasions went to look it over. That was some time in the month of

*Sacco Vanzetti Defense Lawyer.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

October, 1917. In November, 1917, I ran away from home on account of a stick-up in Cambridge and was sent over in March, 1918. While in prison, in March 1920, I believe, I met Joseph San Marco. We had a general conversation about different things that took place while I was away, and he at that time mentioned the L. Q. White Bridgewater job. He told me that it was a rotten attempt. He named at that time Frank, Silva, Doggy, and himself, as being participants in the affair. I do not remember him naming Guinea Oates to me. Nothing more was said until 1921 or 1922. I can't recollect until I see my diaries about the Bridgewater job. When Mr. Fred Moore and two others came to question me about it in prison, I refused at that time to talk to any of the men. Some time later, Mr. Moore came to visit me alone, and he made me all kinds of inducements, and efforts to please tell him something in regards to the Bridgewater job. After quite a good deal of discussion and promises, I again refused. Then I said to Moore, please let me alone until I receive my parole, and then if I am parolled I might do something to help you. Anything I might say may hinder me from getting parolled. Somehow or other, Mr. Vahey heard that Mr. Moore came to prison to see me and he immediately rushed over to the prison with a Mr. Joseph Ross and questioned me in regards to what I had said to Moore. I told him I had said nothing to Mr. Moore. Mr. Vahey says, don't you do it, if you want me to represent you to try to get you a pardon. Don't you dare say anything in regard to the Sacco and Vanzetti case. You know, my brother defended Vanzetti, and you will only be putting my brother in dutch. I promised him that I would not say anything. I also made that promise to Joseph Ross. Ross at that time was driving Judge Thayer around, and he also said don't you dare say anything in regards to that case. I fired Mr. Vahey, as my attorney, and employed Judge Thomas L. Riley, as my attorney, and then I spoke to Moore and told him what San Marco had told me, but I told him not to go any further with it until I received my parole, and that I then would help them. Moore interviewed San Marco and he told him something about the Bridgewater job, but he also requested Moore not to say anything about it until I was on the street.

I was parolled a short time after. And Moore came to my home, and made me live up to my promise. He wanted me to investigate the case and I did. I told him as much as I knew and I came to New York on the Braintree affair. I interviewed an ex-Boston gangster in New York and when it got too hot I returned home and resigned my position as investigator. I was told by the gangsters to lay off, mind my own business, and go back home. Moore made me an offer of a few hundred dollars to go to Atlanta to interview Silva. I flatly refused it, knowing Silva would not talk and knowing him as I did. They got disgusted with me and nothing more was said about the Sacco-Vanzetti job to me until I was interviewed by Governor Fuller.

(Signed) James Mede.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this tenth day of August, 1928.

(Signed) J. Lynn Eddy.

(Seal)

TO EXPLAIN how these two men, Silva and Mede, were persuaded to make these affidavits, more needs to be said of Jack Callahan. He is a former bank burglar. Fourteen years ago he turned straight and began to educate himself. During those fourteen years he has firmly established himself in business and society. He numbers among his friends artists of all kinds, musicians, opera singers, writers, painters and captains of industry.

His life has been one of adventure which he has described in his autobiography, "Man's Grim Justice." Let him tell how he set out on the case, how he met Silva and Mede, and how he persuaded them to come to the office of The Outlook.

How I Found Frank Silva

By JACK CALLAHAN

MY OLD friend Silas Bent is responsible for my taking the job to get the real story of the Sacco and Vanzetti case. And this is how it all happened:

Some time during the latter part of January, 1928, I visited him at his apartment in New York City. I had mapped out a play and wanted his opinion before I settled down to the business of writing it. After our discussion of the play we fell to reminiscing about the colorful days that we had spent eight or ten years back in Greenwich Village. We talked of this and that, writers and artists we had known, some of whom had gone up to fame, some of whom had died, while others were still plugging away to make the proverbial both ends meet.

Then came the chat about the Sacco-Vanzetti case. I discussed their conviction from the angle of the man who knows his underworld, and the methods of every type of criminal in the underworld. Also, I know detectives and their methods as thoroughly as I know criminals and their methods!

There were two salient features connected with the Bridgewater and South Braintree jobs, as I pointed out to Bent which had convinced me, that Sacco and Vanzetti had "been given the works." These two features which I will discuss in detail also had convinced me that the police who worked up the case against the shoemaker and the fish peddler had dealt a few cards from the bottom of a cold deck!

The first feature:

The attempted hold-up of the L. Q. White payroll truck occurred on December 24, 1919. The hold-up and murders at South Braintree occurred on April 15, 1920. Immediately after the South Braintree job, Chief of Police Stewart of Bridgewater announced to the world the preposterous theory that both jobs were the work of one and the same gang. The Massachusetts State Police agreed with Stewart. They, too, said that one master mind had conceived, planned and executed both jobs. The Honorable President Lowell of Harvard and his associates on Governor Fuller's council also embraced Stewart's theory. There was great unanimity of opinion in Massachusetts on that point. But there was great unanimity of opinion in the underworld that Sacco and Vanzetti

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"had been given the works." Every crook with whom I talked said:

"Those two poor wops were framed."

Now, I could very well understand a man of Stewart's calibre entertaining such an absurd idea. I could understand President Lowell and his associates accepting such specious reasoning, but when it came to the trained detectives of the Massachusetts State Police, I knew there must be something wrong. Stewart was a typical small town cop, whose experience with criminals had been confined to door mat thieves and other petty larceny offenders. What he didn't know about hold-up men and their methods would fill a book. But there could be no apology for the detectives of the Massachusetts State Police. They knew better. They had had a wide and varied experience with all sorts of criminals from train robbers down to pickpockets and they should have known that the Bridgewater and South Braintree crimes were the work of two entirely different gangs. One is as different from the other as water is from wine, and they are as easy to tell apart. Let me explain:

The personality of a crook is stamped upon his job just as the personality of a composer is stamped upon his composition. One could never confuse Wagner with Irving Berlin. Some safe crackers demolish a room when they blow a safe, while other "peter men" will blow precisely the same kind of a safe without so much as disturbing the slumbering cat on top of it. Some hold-up men, like the Bridgewater gang, stage stick-ups which make a Gerald Chapman, a Dutch Anderson or a Jesse James turn over in their graves while other knights of the highways, like the South Braintree mob, cut capers which immediately classify them as top notch performers.

Well, you may ask, what did the Bridgewater gang do which classified them as bums and what did the South Braintree gang do which classified them as underworld aristocrats? Let's take a look at both jobs. First the Bridgewater job:

Every move that the Bridgewater gang made was a bad move, the move of unskilled fancy thinkers. Instead of following the payroll truck from the bank or from some point near the bank, and then driving up on it and forcing it to head into the sidewalk where they could have pocketed it and had the occupants of it at their mercy, they did something else.

They planted their automobile, a Buick, on Hale Street. When they saw the payroll truck coming down Broad Street on its way to the factory, they immediately backed the Buick out on Broad Street hoping that this simple, bone-headed move would block the progress of the payroll truck and enable them to hold up the guards and get the coin of the realm.

"Hands up" they shouted when their car got in front of the payroll truck. No hands went up. And neither did the truck tarry very long. The driver quickly turned the truck to the left and buzzed down Broad Street leaving the gang of two for a nickel bandits standing there shooting at the men in the truck as the men in the truck shot at them. The bandits beat a

JAMES MEDE

The former underworld man in whose cigar store the crime was originally planned

hasty retreat. The job had been poorly planned; therefore, they failed. The personality of the Bridgewater performers was stamped upon their procedure. Fish peddlers and shoemakers might have staged that job.

But what a different picture we get when we look at the South Braintree job. Shoemakers and fish peddlers had no hand in that performance. There was finesse to that job. There was evidence that it had been carefully planned and well rehearsed. I can see every man at his post prepared to do his bit. I can see the driver of the car doing stunts on the getaway which would make Barney Oldfield look like a piker. There were no bad moves at Braintree. Everything went with clocklike precision. They had the payroll guards "covered" before the guards knew what was up. When the guards resisted, they killed, pronto. They, unlike the Bridgewater amateurs, didn't let the guards get away. They went there to get the swag and they got it. They went prepared to kill and killed. They were real desperate yeggs. The Bridgewater gang was harmless; they fled when they met resistance. All of these details are significant.

There are two details in the getaway of the South Braintree job which should convince any policeman that the Braintree gang was of an entirely different breed from the Bridgewater gang. Obviously, Chief Stewart and the Massachusetts State Police gave little thought to these details when they announced that one gang executed both the Bridgewater and South Braintree crimes. The first feature:

It is a matter of record that the Bridgewater gang used one car for the attempted hold-up and escape while the South Braintree killers used two cars. The second car was planted in the woods near Randolph. They entered South Braintree and committed the hold-up and murders in a Buick and then drove to Randolph where they abandoned the Buick for a Hudson in which they made their escape. This switching of cars is strictly an old underworld procedure. Does this one feature indicate that the mind which planned the Bridgewater job also planned the South Braintree job? If the South Braintree gang committed the Bridgewater crime, why didn't they plan the Bridgewater getaway just as they had planned the South Braintree getaway? If they required two cars at Braintree to insure their escape, why wouldn't they require two cars at Bridgewater to insure their escape? And if they killed at South Braintree would they hesitate to kill at Bridgewater?

Take the second feature of the getaways at Bridgewater and South Braintree:

Nobody at South Braintree got the license numbers on the bandits' car, but lo and behold, there is a different story at Bridgewater. They got the license numbers on the car at Bridgewater. Why did they get the license numbers at Bridgewater and fail to get them at South Braintree? The boys at Braintree obscured the numbers with mud or some other substance so that they couldn't be distinguished. The boys at Bridgewater

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

didn't think it was necessary to obscure their license numbers even though they had stolen them out of a garage at Needham a few days before they attempted to execute the hold-up.

Now I come to another extremely significant feature which to me discredited the Massachusetts State Police and intensified my conviction that professional criminals had done both jobs.

The Massachusetts State Police admitted that there were four or five bandits at South Braintree, and four or five at Bridgewater, and yet, after seven years, with all the resources of a great State at their command, they declared that they had been unable to catch the other two or three members of "the Sacco-Vanzetti band" of hold-up men and murderers.

Well, there has never been a case, so far as I know, in the history of American crime where four or five men were involved in a hold-up and murder that the police didn't capture every member of the gang, if they captured one member of the gang. If the Massachusetts State Police and the rest of the detectives who got Sacco and Vanzetti knew that they were guilty, why didn't they capture their associates? Their failure to capture anybody but Sacco and Vanzetti implies but one thing to the man who knows detectives and his underworld, and that is this: When they got the two Italian radicals they got the wrong men. Any policeman will agree with this statement. I know many detectives in the Boston Police Department who have agreed with it!

The fact is that one arrest *always* leads to other arrests. Isn't it perfectly reasonable to assume that if a detective can get so near a job that he knows the identity of one man in the gang that he can very easily ascertain the identity of that man's companions? If four or five men stage a crime and the detectives capture one of the gang, what is to prevent them from catching the rest of the gang?

To support my contention, let me cite a few out of a hundred cases.

First: the famous mail $2,000,000 robbery in New York City four years ago staged by Gerald Chapman, Dutch Anderson and Frank Lorber. Months went by before the Government detectives made an arrest. Lorber was caught first. Later on Dutch Anderson and Chapman were caught.

Second, the spectacular hold-up and murder in Brooklyn three years ago. Four men were involved, Joseph and Morris Diamond, John Farina and Anthony Pantano. The police landed all four men in the net five months after the job had been staged. The Diamond brothers and Farina were executed, while Pantano received a life sentence.

I RECALL a case in Massachusetts. In 1907, four Chinese were murdered in Boston. In those days Boston had a real detective in charge of its Bureau of Criminal Investigation, one of the greatest detectives that ever lived! I refer to Bill Watts. There was a fellow who knew his underworld. Recently a member of the Boston Police Department said to me: "The department has never been the same since Watts got out."

If Bill Watts had been on the job when the Sacco-Vanzetti case was hot, he would have solved it, pronto. Bill was honest and he had brains galore. He never staged any guessing contests and he would never permit his subordinates to stage them. You couldn't convince Bill that shoemakers and fish peddlers suddenly turned bandits and murderers.

Well let's get back to the Chinese murders. Detectives working under Bill Watts solved the murders. It took them two years to clean up the case. They caught the murderers, six of them. Three were executed and three received life terms. I can imagine what Chief Watts would have said if one of his men told him that he knew one of the killers but couldn't ascertain the identity of the remaining five. Bill would have said:

"Stop guessing."

When detectives declare that they have caught one or two members of a gang of four or five and are unable, after seven years, to catch the other two or three, the conclusion is inevitable that they are guessing. Either they are guessing and making an honest mistake or they are deliberately "framing" the one or two men they have captured. I recall a case which illustrates my argument. On October 14, 1926, a gang of six or seven bandits held up a mail truck at Elizabeth, New Jersey. John Enz, the driver of the truck, was killed. No arrests were made on the case until six months after the crime when one John Sweeney was arrested charged with being one of the gang. He was identified by a number of witnesses all of whom said they had seen him at or near the scene of the murder and the hold-up. He was tried and convicted and received a life sentence in the New Jersey State Prison. The police were sure Sweeney was guilty. Sweeney protested his innocence. The police said they "had him right." But now, lo and behold, it is declared that Sweeney is innocent and the Governor of New Jersey has pardoned him. If the jury had not recommended that Sweeney be given a life sentence, it would have done Sweeney a lot of good to have had his innocence established after he had been scorched to death in the flame chair! No; you may be sure that a detective is either stupid or dishonest when he says he knows only one or two members of a gang of four or five.

So when I had given my friend, Bent, all these facts as I saw them, he asked me if I thought I could run down the men who had committed the Bridgewater and Braintree crimes if he could persuade some reputable magazine to finance an investigation. I assured him that I would try.

SEVERAL weeks later, he introduced me to Dr. Horace M. Kallen, to whom I reiterated that I could ascertain the identity of the men who committed the Bridgewater and South Braintree crimes, and also told him why. Then, a month or two later, Silas took me to lunch with Mr. Francis R. Bellamy, the Publisher of the Outlook Magazine. After many meetings and much discussion, Mr. Bellamy finally employed me to dig the story out of the underworld; and I began my investigation some time during the latter part of March. I might say right here that I made many personal sacrifices, financial and otherwise, to accept the assignment. I didn't go into it to make money. I have done it for less money than I have earned in the last fifteen years. I begin my story.

Boston was my first stop. I did not go to Boston to interview anybody who had been connected with the Sacco and Vanzetti case, lawyers or anybody else. I thought it best to steer clear of everybody who had been associated with their defense. I had concluded to play a lone hand and follow my own individual ideas on how such an investigation should be made. I may say right here that I have not been in accord with some of the opinions promulgated by friends and sympathizers of the two Italian radicals just as I have never been in accord with the opinions of the two unfortunate

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Italians themselves. I have never, for example, put much faith in the confession of Madeiros and I have certain ideas relative to the extent of the Morelli gang's connection with the South Braintree crime which I do not care to discuss at this time. That's another story.

I went to Boston to make underworld connections. I knew that the true stories of the Bridgewater and South Braintree jobs were planted somewhere in the New England underworld. And I knew that I could get these stories if I could locate a certain man whose identity I do not care to reveal. This man, for whom I was looking, was the fellow who had told me long before Sacco and Vanzetti were executed that they had been "framed." I spent ten days running between Boston and Providence looking for my friend. I drank enough third rail, bootleg booze to float a battleship; a heroic stunt for a man doesn't like third rail, bootleg booze!

I LEARNED that my friend "Eddie" had gone to Philadelphia, so I hurried down to Philadelphia. I visited all underworld "joints" in the City of Brotherly Love, but nobody had seen Eddie. However, the Philadelphia trip was a profitable one. I met all the fancy thinkers of the city's crime world—killers, pickpockets, bootleggers, burglars and hold-up men, a fine collection of plug uglies. From one distinguished member of the Philadelphia mob, I obtained some indefinite, but very interesting, information. He was a noted killer for many years, but recently gave up the unpleasant business to enter politics. I had known the gentlemen by reputation for many years and he had heard of me through Eddie and other boys who live by their wits, and because of these things we exchanged confidences of a sort rather freely. I told him frankly what I was doing, what I was after, and I hadn't gone very far before he interrupted me.

"Those New England dicks certainly gave those two poor wops the works for fair, didn't they?"

"Yes," I said, "and they had no more to do with the jobs than you did."

He said, "Everybody in the underworld knew that those two poor wops had been razzle dazzled," and then he closed up "tight as a clam." I pressed him for more information. I assured him that I wouldn't quote him and that I didn't intend to get anybody whom he might mention into any trouble.

"All I want is the story," I said, "you know that I wouldn't put the finger on any of the mob."

"I know you wouldn't yell copper on anybody," he went on, "but at the same time, I'm not going to talk about things that might send somebody to the chair. Suppose I told you what I know about them gunning matches up there in Massachusetts and it leaked out and the mob was nailed for it and went to the chair; what a fine rep I'd have if that happened."

That was as far as he would go and while he didn't go very far, yet, at the same time it was encouraging to know that my hunch that Sacco and Vanzetti had been "given the works" was a correct one. I spent several days trying to make him give the names of the "grifters" to whom he had referred, but he wouldn't come through even though he knew that I was on the level.

Then I took a run down to Baltimore and called on some old friends, none of whom could give me anything definite. They all were convinced that "Sacco and Vanzetti had been given the works," but they didn't know who had done the South Braintree job.

I went back to Philadelphia to make one more effort to get a line on the identity of the boys to whom the killer had referred on the occasion of my first visit. He was incorrigibly obstinate this time. He wouldn't discuss the case at all so I quit him to try others. And when I began to cultivate other racketeers I learned that the killer had gone forth and circulated the purpose of my visit to the "joints" and had instructed everybody to keep their mouths shut. But I met an underworld woman with whom the killer had not made connections, and after I had wined and dined her and convinced her that I was not trying to put anybody in a jam, she gave me a few tips. She said that she had heard that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent of the crime for which they were executed. What the underworld lady told me, I am not at liberty to divulge at this time. I can only say that it was of such a nature that I got back to New England as quickly as a train would take me.

In Providence I found her tip was a good one. And it had to do with the South Braintree job. In fact she called a spade a spade. Back to New York I went looking for a certain gentleman she had named, a gentleman with a reputation second to none when it came to "taking raw jawed chances" on spectacular jobs. I expected to find him in New York. He wasn't there. So I went back to New England, landing in New Bedford. He had been there with another "cannon" (crook) and had left, so my informant told me, for Boston. I went to Boston to look for him. I visited the "joints" in Boston for a week or more, but couldn't find him. A strange thing happened in Boston while I was looking for the fellow about whom the Philadelphia Moll had talked. I was in my hotel one night about eleven o'clock preparing to retire. The phone rang.

"Mr. Callahan? Jack Callahan?" a gruff voice came over the wire.

"Yes," I replied, "I'm Mr. Callahan, what can I do for you?"

"Listen," the speaker resumed, "and get what I'm going to tell you."

I interrupted him to ask his name.

"Never mind my name," he continued, "get what I'm going to tell you and get it right. Now, I'm talking to you as a friend so take my advice. Get on a train and beat it out of Boston quick as you can, hear what I'm telling you."

He hung up the receiver.

The next day he called me again and repeated the ultimatum.

"Still here, eh?" he said, "well, Mr. Callahan, if you don't duck today you'll regret it. We know what you're doing, you—"

"I'm not leaving Boston until I finish my business," I said, "I'll be here for a week, maybe a month. If you think you can intimidate me into leaving Boston, you're crazy. I'm engaged in legitimate business and cannot be intimidated, so to hell with you, brother, whoever you are."

I DECIDED to watch my step after that call. Thereafter I had an arrangement with Mr. Bellamy by which he knew where I was and who I was with every day. I didn't want to be killed and have my death a mystery. I wasn't afraid of the crooks with whom I was associating, but I was afraid of the people who had a lot to lose if I got the story which proved that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent men. I had my eyes and ears open after the telephone calls. Nobody got in my room after I retired until they announced themselves. And I was mighty careful where I went.

After ten days in Boston, I went

(Please Turn to Page 1070)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The World This Week

Smith, Hoover and Tariff

Outwardly Governor Smith's speech at Louisville and Mr. Hoover's speech at Boston, both mainly on the tariff, seem to be in the strongest contrast. Actually each points to a policy which in practice might well be almost identical. The differences are chiefly those of approach to the subject, of style, of method of treatment, and of emphasis. But both speeches advocate a protective tariff and the use of a Tariff Commission.

Governor Smith's speech, though carefully prepared, was extempore in delivery and spotted with humor. Mr. Hoover's speech was read from manuscript and was fortified by statistics and economic facts. Governor Smith approached his subject from the political point of view, emphasizing party records. Mr. Hoover approached his subject from the point of view of business and trade, emphasizing what had actually happened under his party's policies.

Governor Smith attributed the foundation of American prosperity to the Federal Reserve Act of the Wilson Administration, but declared that the Democratic Party was for the continuance of both restricted immigration and the protective tariff, "in order to prevent the business of this country from coming into competition with the ruinous condition of the old countries over which neither they themselves nor we have any control." He attacked the Republican tariff policy as being for the benefit of special interests, urged that the tariff be revised piece by piece on a scientific basis, for that purpose would make the Tariff Commission non-partisan rather than bi-partisan, give it broader powers, protect it against outside interference, and would take the tariff out of politics.

Mr. Hoover cited facts to show that the high protective tariff now in force had refuted the predictions of its opponents, had permitted and even encouraged our foreign trade, both exports and imports, and by protecting American industry against the "effective competition" which is the standard set up for the tariff by the Democratic platform had vastly increased both the ability of American industry to enter foreign markets and the ability of the American people to use non-competitive foreign goods. He pointed out that foreign trade was not barter between two parties but a sort of universal exchange of goods—in the nature of "a common pool into which all nations pour goods on credit and from which they re-take goods and credit." He said that the Tariff Commission, valuable as it is, and more useful though it could be made, cannot usurp the function of Congress, which is the only commission directly responsible to the people.

The Thieving Mississippi

Among the damages done by the turbulent Father of Waters, it has set people —and even States—at loggerheads as to who owns what land. When, for instance, treaties or deeds fix as a boundary line "the centre of the Mississippi River" and the inconsiderate river moves the centre of its current a mile or so this way or that, questions are raised that puzzle our most eminent legal minds.

Such a dispute between Louisiana and Mississippi has got itself before the United States Supreme Court. A certain island, so Louisiana alleges, was washed away by the river and brought up, so to speak, on Louisiana's side. Mississippi says this may be so, but the river acted like a thief in the night, taking away good Mississippi soil and piling it up on the Louisiana side, and as stolen goods may be claimed by the owner wherever found, Mississippi is at least entitled to some kind of compensation. The Supreme Court throws up its hands at the complex evidence as to erosion, legal accretion and the like, and refers the matter to a master in chancery for a report. What the Great River has tangled up is not easily straightened out.

If we remember rightly, Mark Twain in his "Life on the Mississippi" has portrayed amusingly what happens when the river erratically shifts the cabin, cows and fields of a settler. Nowadays it works on a wholesale scale. Even its great tributary, the Missouri, a writer on this subject in the New York "Sun" tells us, has got into the courts for such titanic pranks as splitting up Council Bluffs between Iowa and Nebraska and leaving Elk Point, Dakota, six miles inland.

Weed in the New York Evening World.

NO KINGS IN AMERICA?

Sewer Graft

Out of a mountain has emerged a mouse. As a result of a long and elaborate series of proceedings, the effort to bring to book a ring of grafters in the Borough of Queens, of the City of New York, has resulted in the conviction of two men for conspiracy to defraud the city. As the crime charged was merely a misdemeanor, not a felony, the maximum penalty is one year in prison and a fine of $500. The one on whom this maximum penalty was imposed is a former president of the Borough of Queens—a mayor, as it were, of one of the city's chief divisions. The sentence of an engineer convicted with him was deferred.

Though the outcome seems small, the verdict is in the interest of good government. A conspiracy charge is especially hard to prove. In this case it depended on circumstantial evidence. Figures on a blackboard showing the difference between the price paid by Queens contractors for sewer pipe and the cost of it to the man who furnished it, John M. Phillips, now dead, helped to drive home the fact of the offense.

Maurice E. Connolly came into office eight years ago an avowed reformer. His immediate predecessor had been removed from office, and of the other two of the borough presidents in the history of the borough, one served out his term but was later imprisoned for trafficking in judgeships and the other escaped trial by fleeing to Italy. Connolly was a supporter of Mayor Hylan. Procedure against him was first interrupted by technicalities and then by his resignation from office under fire. But

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

A LOVER'S WORRIES

Governor Smith and the Legislature made possible the continuance of the prosecution by Emory R. Buckner, special prosecutor.

Municipal corruption still remains, as it was when James Bryce wrote his book on "The American Commonwealth," the greatest peril to American self-government.

▶▶*Smith and the Professors*

While Boston applauded Mr. Hoover's learned tariff speech, across the Charles River a little band of Harvard professors declared for his rival.

"A political party which has included among its leading officials men guilty of conspiracy, fraud and the concealment of vital evidence might well be deprived of power for a season," they declared in a joint proclamation. "Men who for eight years have controlled the Republican Party deserve to forfeit the confidence of the country.

"Neither the continued association of the Republican candidate with the reactionary element of the party nor his public utterances during the campaign give us any reason to believe that he has broken with that group. The best hope for a return to the liberalism of Roosevelt and Wilson lies in the election of Governor Smith.

"Government is something greater than an efficiently administered business corporation with a multitude of inactive shareholders. We support Governor Smith because of his power to reverse the present trend toward political apathy and arouse in the citizens of the United States an active, intelligent interest and participation in their Government."

Among the forty-odd signers appear the names of the well-loved Charles (Copey) Copeland, Zechariah Chaffee, Jr., Felix Frankfurter, Samuel Eliot Morison and Bliss Perry. They disagree about prohibition—"some of us favor national prohibition and some oppose it"—but are agreed that such differences of opinion should not be allowed to overshadow other important issues.

▶▶*An Oil Lease Is Canceled*

The New York "World" has been printing a series of articles about the renewal of a Government contract with the Sinclair Crude Oil Purchasing Company. The original contract was made by Secretary Fall, whose other contract with Sinclair concerning Teapot Dome has been declared tainted with fraud. This contract of which the "World" treats has no direct connection with the Teapot Dome case; but because of that case it is naturally under suspicion.

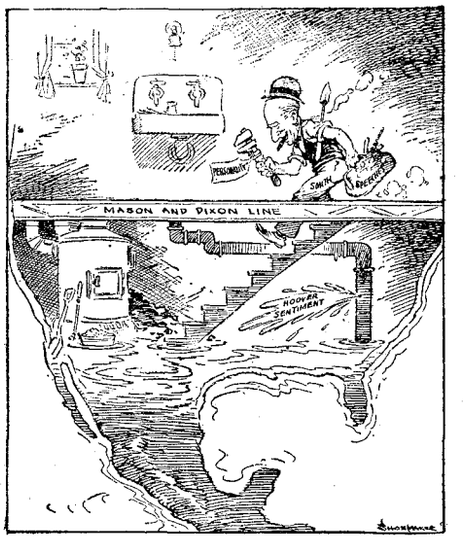
It was a contract for five years, renewable at the option of the company for five years more. When the first five years were up, the contract was renewed last February by Mr. Fall's successor, Dr. Work. Senator Walsh of Montana, the relentless prosecutor of the Senate's oil investigation, has declared his belief that the renewal of this contract was unjustified because the original contract was void. The Attorney General of the United States has rendered a like opinion, and the present Secretary of the Interior, Mr. West, has stopped all further delivery of oil to the Sinclair Company.

It is claimed by Dr. Work that the renewal was made on advice of the Solicitor for the Department of the Interior, that the questions now raised had not been raised then, and that at the time Senator Walsh, with the information then available, agreed that the Secretary of the Interior was legally bound to renew the contract.

There the matter stands as we write.

▶▶*S-4 Again In Service*

It is peculiarly fitting that the S-4, the American submarine in which forty men died almost a year ago, should be used for rescue tests now that she has been reconditioned. The S-4 lay at the bottom of the sea for three months after being rammed last December by the Coast Guard destroyer Paulding. None of the crew was rescued.



Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

GOING DOWN TO FIX THE LEAK

Now, her engines removed, the S-4 is to be towed to some point off Cape Charles, Va., and used in experiments to insure added safety for the active submarines of the United States fleet. She has a skeleton crew of ten men.

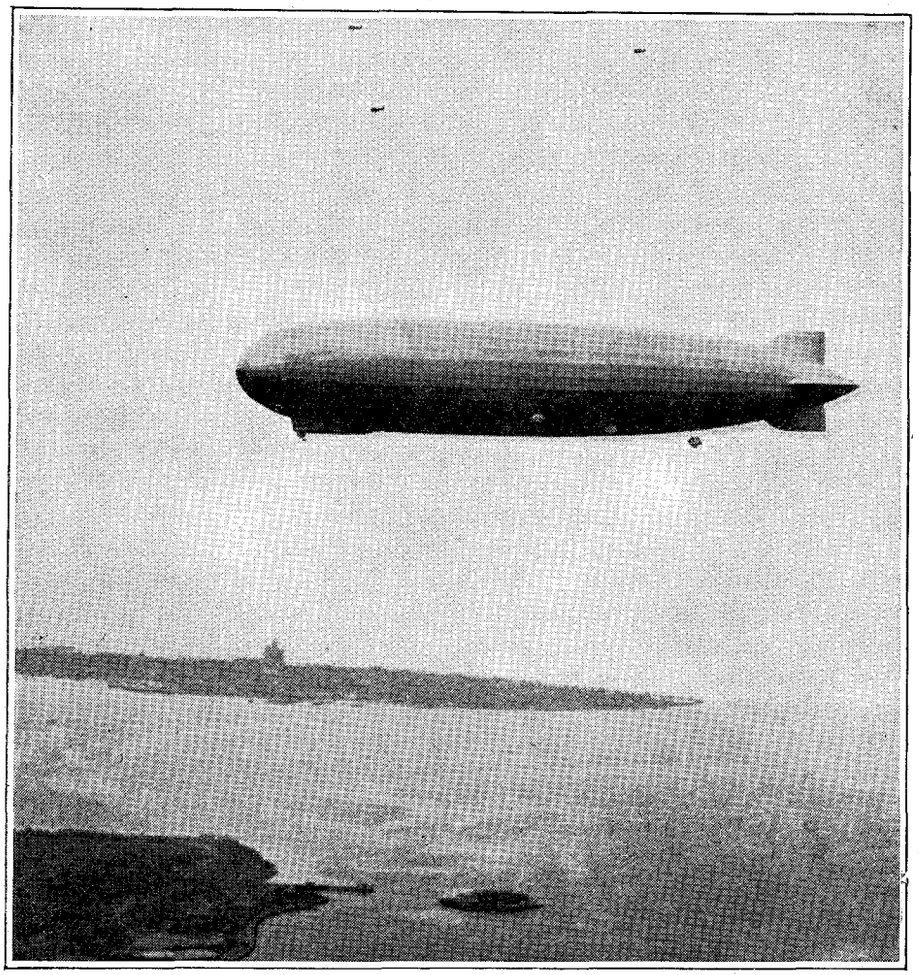
The memory of the S-4 disaster still lingers and the public will watch the work off Cape Charles with interest. Naval Secretary Wilbur is making every effort, no doubt, to speed the work, for the lives of American sailors may depend upon it. Submarines are dangerous in the extreme, as the sinking of the French vessel, Ondine, again demonstrated. This was another collision, and forty-three men died.

▶▶*Graf Zeppelin's Flight*

For a time it looked as if a great part of the American reading public were to depend on bootlegged reports of what occurred on the Graf Zeppelin's voyage. Even paying passengers put fingers to lips and said, "Sh! the story is sold to Hearst!" There was a report that the Zeppelin's officers replied to urgent inquiry from our naval officials at Lakehurst for data as to when the guests might be expected, that they were "sending press" and Lakehurst would have to wait; but the report was duly minimized, and what irritation there was died out.

The thing that interested the public most was the personal experiences of the passengers and this curiosity was most voluminously satisfied. Boiled down, the accounts agreed fairly well that, apart from the terrible quarter of an hour when a helmsman's error in a heavy gale threw everything and everybody about and led the commander to

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Underwood

THE GRAF ZEPPELIN ARRIVES

The German dirigible over Sandy Hook on its way to its landing at Lakehurst

wire for naval vessels to be held in readiness, the voyage was enjoyable and beautiful. The stories varied from ecstatic and poetic description down to the remark of one traveler: "Splendid; but I never want to do it again." But as several passengers have expressed a wish to book for the return trip, it is evident that this air journey at its worst was not really more terrible than many sea voyages through storm and stress, and the Graf Zeppelin's flight of 6,300 miles in 110 hours is not to be despised.

The Graf Zeppelin's voyage must not be regarded as typical or average. That she did successfully cope with high adverse winds; that she could change her course to meet navigation needs; that the heroic workers could, hung between sea and sky, repair the battered fin—all this goes to show that the big dirigible type has a future. It has not yet reached a full measure of development and adaptation. On the other hand, it is unwise to claim that the carrying of passangers, mail and goods by dirigible on a commercial scale and on a paying basis, including allowance for overhead and construction, is yet in sight. There is a measure of truth in what the London "Morning Post" says of the dirigible: "So far as can be judged at the moment its commercial use must be severely restricted. For safe carriage of passengers and mails the trans-Atlantic liner still remains unchallenged, and will so remain for many years to come. What the next twenty years holds in store, who can say? Meanwhile, the Graf Zeppelin and her voyage testify to German engineering skill and courage—no more, no less." The prospect is good that important advances in knowledge for this branch of aviation will result.

▸▸*The Church and Prejudice*

At Raleigh, North Carolina, is the seat of one of the bishops of the Roman Catholic Church. In a region of which that is a focal point, much emotion has been stirred by the question of religion and politics. The Bishop of that Diocese, the Right Rev. William J. Hafey, in a recent sermon in New York, declared that the story of the Roman Catholic Church, which had been that of growth based on receiving Roman Catholics from other shores is, for the next hundred years, "going to be the story of teaching and bringing into the unity of the faith the sixty million people of the country who do not go to any church or bow the knee to any deity." In doing this his Church, he recognized, would encounter prejudice and misunderstanding. But he added:

"The day has come when American Catholics ought to stop talking and writing and preaching about anti-Catholic prejudice in the South. It is not right, it is not fair, it is not on the level. We must stop talking at long range, and go near at hand and work. If we show people in the South our Catholic ritual and our Catholic life close at hand, there will be another story to tell. Instead of spending our time apologizing and answering back, let us get down to work, and the misunderstanding and prejudice will disappear."

The substance of this, *mutatis mutandis,* might well have been said by a Protestant or a Jew.

▸▸*Bad News*

The direst prophet we have heard lately is the Rev. Dr. Clarence True Wilson, general secretary of the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals.

Says Dr. Wilson: "Our boys went over to correct Old World conditions, but many came back importing European ideals of the continental Sunday as against the American Sabbath, lewd conceptions of social life never before openly advocated on American soil. The prize ring has returned, the theatre has gone down hill, the movies, that by their powerful portrayal of the evils of intemperance helped us to get prohibition, have now enlisted on the other side and encouraged the violation of law. Books and periodical literature are issued from the press alive with the maggots of treason and irreligion. Fortunes are made in a year in illegitimate publications, and indecent shows and in bootlegging.

"It is time to stir up and then strengthen our spineless Christian citizens, so that we can trust them to register, to vote, to pray, to beseech God and man not to turn our country's destiny over to the underworld, or to Tammany Hall, or to the un-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Americanized hordes who measure up to none of our national ideals, but want to drag down the land of the Pilgrims' pride to the level and looseness of the Tammanyized paganism of that lawless and Godless city, which is in open rebellion against the Constitution and its greatest moral movement toward a sober nation.

"We must have no backset on prohibition at this time. It is entitled to as fair a chance and as long a time to show the world what it can do as the license system had. It has never had a fair trial and never will have till we elect a President on the direct issue of a strict and impartial and uncompromising enforcement of prohibition, who will agree to call out all the resources of the republic before he will sit in the White House swivel chair and see the Constitution of our country tramped upon by a gang of aliens who affect to despise us and a set of homeborn renegades who repudiate their Puritan birthright for the mess of pottage to be gotten through the impuritans who have now organized to take possession of the land."

If we felt like that we should be pretty sure our tongue was coated.

▸▸A Summary for the Church

THE Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, in a much happier state of mind than Dr. Wilson, has given his personal opinion of the probable attitude of the church toward modification of prohibition.

"First," he said, "we are constantly reminded of the utter unsatisfactoriness of the present situation. In any discussion it is well to find some point of agreement from which to start, and we may well agree on this: the present situation is very unsatisfactory.

"This side of the matter has been so emphasized that we forget there never has been a time when the handling of liquor traffic was not unsatisfactory. It always has been unsatisfactory, and what we now have in the United States, bad as it is, is better than the old days we escaped. The younger generation never lived, as some of us did, in towns where, as in Boston, there was a public liquor license for every 310 inhabitants. The generation that never saw all this looks on prohibition and says, 'See the bootleggers, highjackers, racketeers, with lawlessness rampant everywhere.' Agreed! But the liquor traffic has always been lawless, always has vomited criminality across the community, it always has conspired against any government that licensed it and any laws that controlled it."

Dr. Fosdick summed up his personal opinion of the stand of the "Christian church," thus:

"First, we will fight to the death any step that looks like going back. We know we are better off than before prohibition.

"Second, while the law is on the books we will stand for its enforcement.

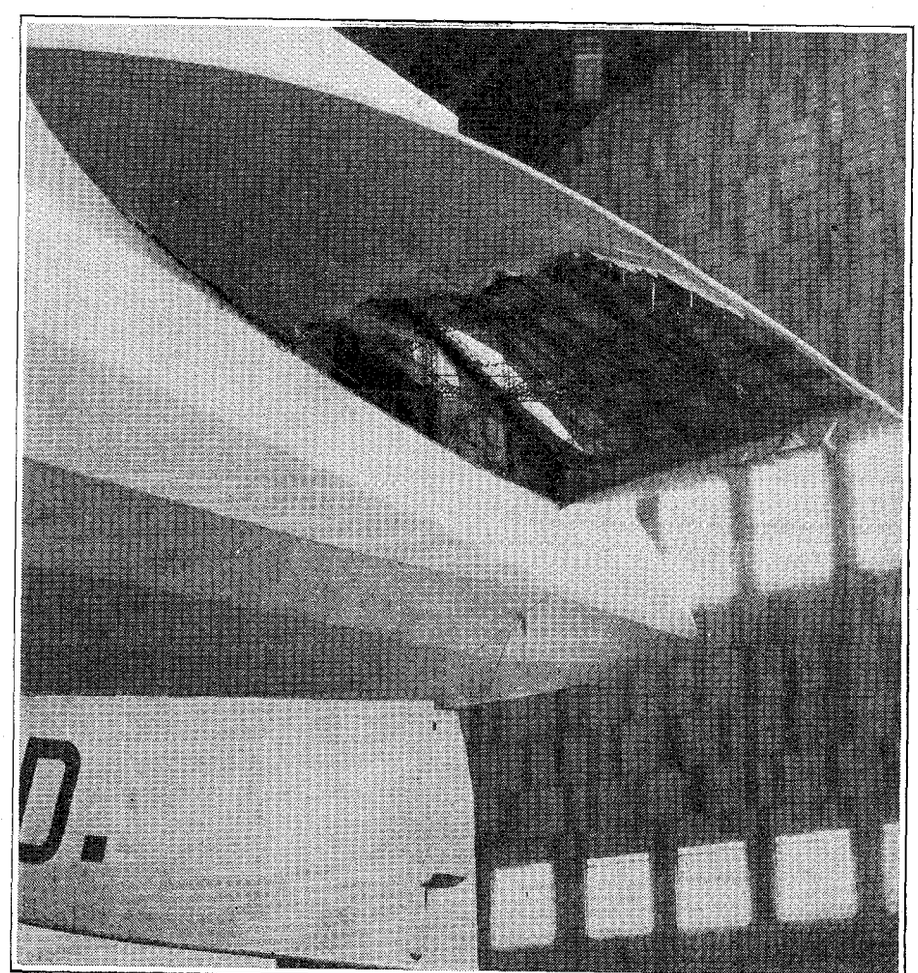
"Third, there are some solutions we will not accept, and one is putting either Federal or State government into the liquor business

"Fourth, we will keep whatever changes may be made in the prohibition law in the hands of those who are friendly to its major purpose. That experience and wisdom may dictate changes in the law is entirely probable. But whoever is entrusted to carry through such alterations would better make it clear to the people that he is sympathetic with the aims for which the law was framed."

The prohibitory law, Dr. Fosdick said at another point, was the work, not of "bigoted puritanism," but of big business.

▸▸A Spectacle for Promoters

WHEN two rather sadly mussed up football teams, Notre Dame and the Navy, can draw 117,000, a record football crowd, to Soldier Field, Chicago, one gets an idea of the hold the college game has on the American public. Previous defeats were lost sight of in the general popularity of the two teams, and the game provided all the thrills necessary, with Notre Dame winning in the last few minutes of play. The spectacle was one to make the professional promoter's mouth water, and he is still wondering just why his professional teams cannot draw such a throng. He has learned through sad experience, however, that they cannot. No professional can be hired who will give himself to the game as does the collegian, and the public knows the game is on the level. That is the answer.



Underwood

WHERE FOUR MEN RISKED THEIR LIVES

The damaged fin of the Graf Zeppelin which had to be repaired during the transatlantic trip

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Travelers and Spenders

ONE OF THE figurers in the Department of Commerce has been looking into tourist expenditures and is able to predict that this year we will leave about $900,000,000 in foreign parts, including Canada.

Departing United States citizens, according to the Department of Labor statisticians, numbered 318,419 for the first eight months of 1928. The number for the corresponding period of 1927 was 284,999. The total tourist expenditure for 1927 is estimated at $770,000,000.

The Allied war debt, we should say, will be paid—if it is paid—out of our own well-lined pockets.

On Preventing Cancer

WHILE scientists continue to search for the ideal, the best check against the ravages of cancer is an enlightened people; this on the word of five distinguished cancer experts who discussed the disease at the recent session of the American Public Health Association.

"Dirt on the face may turn to skin cancer," they declared. "Coal miners whose faces get so dirty that they are compelled to wash them often, seldom get this form of disease; but cab drivers and farmers, with a steady but not necessarily covering accumulation, are common sufferers. Moles, birthmarks and other skin signs should be examined for cancerous tendencies and then removed. Stomach pains should send a patient to an X-ray laboratory for a cancer search. Sores on the tongue or mouth should be given close examination, if they do not heal quickly. Ulcers of the teeth may lead to cancer. Lumps anywhere on the body should be explored surgically for cancer and removed. A persistent pain in the knees should lead to a search for cancer."

Klan Declared Insolvent

THAT THE Ku Klux Klan has been profligate in the use of its funds to defeat Governor Smith and is therefore insolvent is the basis of a petition presented to the United States District Court at Atlanta, Georgia. A receivership for the order is demanded.

The Atlanta "Constitution" revealed last week that C. T. Rice, a member of the Klan, had filed the petition. He asserted that Hiram W. Evans, Imperial Wizard, had been spending Klan funds in order to defeat the Democratic Presidential candidate on the ground of his religion. Mr. Rice declared the organization insolvent although it had collected about $100,000,000 from its membership over a period of years.

The petition, heard by Federal Judge Sibley, further alleged that the use of the Klan money for this purpose violates the Georgia statutes. Wizard Evans, who is in Washington, has refused to comment on the accusations and Judge Sibley has set October 27 as the day on which he will consider an application for an injunction against further expenditures.

An African Pompeii

WITHIN the last two years from a desolate desert in Libya there has come into view a Roman-built city. Recent press dispatches describe this now uncovered and partly restored Leptis Magna as a "skeleton city" with temples, monuments, villas, sculptured marbles of rare beauty and exquisite figures of gods, heroes and rulers.

As a matter of history Leptis Magna was pre-Roman, for the Phenicians used it as a seaport and from it were shipped gold, ivory and the other tempting wares of Northern Africa. Under Roman rule it grew in size.

But Rome had its own troubles, and as Rome declined Leptis Magna was neglected. Floods and the incursion of desert sand completed the wreck. For centuries it was buried and forgotten.

Vacations for Workmen

LAST WEEK in New York City a motorman who had been employed on one of the elevated lines was placed on trial for second degree manslaughter. A train which he had been operating one night last July crashed into another. One passenger was killed and several score injured.

At the trial the motorman denied that he had been negligent. In the end the jury disagreed, standing eight to four for an acquittal. The case would have no particular importance were it not for the fact that the man testified that he had been a motorman for ten years and during that time had never had a vacation.

No vacation in ten years! The average workman, even though his responsibilities are enormous, receives none. It is possible that employers should make a study of this problem.

Underwood

A "SHOWER" IN JAPAN

given Setsu-ko Matsudaira, daughter of the former Ambassador to Washington, prior to her marriage to Prince Chichibu, brother of the Emperor

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

For Shorter and Better Campaigns

FOR four months a disappointing Presidential campaign has been dragging its weary length. In the days still remaining as we write, the tail of this lethargic monster has yet to pass by—and there may, by bare possibility, be a sting in it. We hope not. Campaigns ought not to be won—ought not even to appear to be won—by poison injected at the last minute. But neither should campaigns be lost by sheer weariness.

If the campaign had been an obvious process of public education, perhaps four months might not be too long; but this campaign at least has not been in any true sense educational. Emotions have been stirred as they have not been since they were kindled by the War. Fears and prejudices have been aroused and opposed. But ask any voter what he has actually learned; what he actually knows as a result of the campaign, about prohibition, or governmental aid to agriculture, or governmental control of electrical power development, or our foreign relations, or the tariff. Unless he has been especially interested in some measure, and therefore has made some special effort to study it, he will have to confess that he has actually learned little or nothing. In 1896 the whole country was set to studying the currency. This year the whole country has not been set to studying anything. Sections, perhaps, but not the country as a whole. Have the American people any clearer idea now than four months ago about the distinction between the two great parties? We see no signs that they have. We do not believe that they have.

It is true that political organization in a country of such great dimensions takes time; but Roosevelt was not finally nominated by the Progressives in 1912 or the Progressive platform finally adopted until August, and yet the Progressive Party had time for a more thoroughly educative campaign than either party has conducted this year. Since then development of communication and transportation has made the Nation far more compact. It is true that there have been forty-eight State campaigns going on simultaneously with the National campaign; but those should aid, not hinder, the process of National political education. Yet we see no signs of that either.

If our National elections are ever to become really educative, really decisive of large governmental policies, we must reform our parties and change our campaigns. The voters must have the chance of choosing between the two great tendencies whose interplay has made American history. These have been the Efficient and the Free. They appeared at the very beginning of American history. During the War for Independence the American people suffered from the inefficiency of the Continental Congress. It was inefficiency that nearly cost us our freedom. George Washington plead and stormed to get means for making our fight for freedom effective; and when the Revolution was won the first task was to establish a government that would be efficient. In this Washington and Hamilton were the leaders and became the founders of the party of efficiency. But at once arose concern lest the very efficiency that was necessary for freedom might threaten and even destroy freedom. It was this concern for freedom that insisted on the first ten Amendments to the Constitution and gave support to the leadership of Jefferson. For some years thereafter the country under Jefferson and his influence was controlled and developed by the party of freedom. So the country has swayed from one tendency to the other as zeal for efficiency has threatened freedom, and zeal for freedom has threatened efficiency. Slavery threatened both freedom and efficiency—both that union and that liberty that Webster declared one and inseparable—and for the time being Whigs and Democrats rallied to Lincoln, whose great task during civil strife was to keep the balance between the two. But in the intervening years the ideal of efficiency has become more and more emphasized by the Republican Party and the ideal of freedom more and more emphasized by the Democratic Party. Roosevelt, it is true, was a preacher of freedom, and Wilson a practicer of efficiency. Nevertheless, the chief boast of the Republican Party is that it is the party of the efficient, and the chief boast of the Democratic Party is that it is the party of the free. The most damaging charge against either party is that which strikes at its peculiar ideal—against the Republican Party that it has been ruled by wasters and incompetents, against the Democratic Party that it has been ruled by self-seekers and oligarchies. Perhaps the one ideal is our inheritance from England, the other our inheritance from France.

In this campaign on the whole Hoover represents the ideal of efficiency—the English ideal of getting things done. Smith on the whole represents the ideal of freedom—the French ideal of liberty, equality, fraternity.

This does not mean that Smith has not shown marked ability in getting things done, or that Hoover has not shown qualities of leadership toward a larger freedom.

Nor does it mean that all who are competent to govern are in one party, or that all who prize freedom are in the other.

It means rather that the one party and its candidate tend to subordinate the ideal of efficiency to the ideal of freedom; and that the other party and its candidate tend to subordinate the ideal of freedom to the ideal of efficiency.

Toward which ideal is it the more necessary at this time for the Nation to direct its progress?

For which ideal do the times call?

Both kinds of leaders have been needed in the past.

Which is the country ready for?

Do we want a trustee of the estate, or a leader of the people?

That in the main should have been the purpose of the campaign to find out.

Instead, the people have had their attention diverted to petty details and to personalities. The campaign has been long drawn out. It has almost driven newspaper editors to cudgel their brains for subjects for editorials and politicians to resort to tricks for keeping party enthusiasm alive. It has been too long to be great.

It will leave us with one cause on which the people can unite—the cause of better and shorter campaigns.

The Editors—

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How I Found Frank Silva

(Continued from Page 1063)

back to Providence looking for the fellow that the woman had discussed with me, and it was while I was in Providence that I got the first lead on the identity of the gang that committed the Bridgewater crime. I returned to Boston where I was introduced to an ex-underworld man Jimmy Mede, alias "The Big Chief."

Here is what Jimmy told me:

He said that he had planned the robbery of the L. Q. White Company payroll truck in Bridgewater during the summer of 1917. He said the job was first suggested to him by Frank Silva, alias "The Winker," who had been employed in the factory of the L. Q. White Company at Bridgewater for a time. He said Frank gave him the low-down on the payroll truck. Jimmy was so much impressed by what Silva told him that he decided to go to Bridgewater and look the proposition over, and if it looked "K.O." why he intended to go back later on and "take it." So he, Silva and Joe San Marco went to Bridgewater to plan the robbery. This was in 1917, mark you.

Jimmy, Silva and Joe San Marco were impressed by what they saw at Bridgewater. They planned the robbery of the payroll truck. They looked over all the roads leaving Bridgewater for the best possible getaway. They studied the surrounding country thoroughly, checked up on the number of police in the town, noted their movements and made other observations.

But that was as far as Jimmy Mede got with the Bridgewater job. Shortly thereafter he was arrested for another crime and sent to the Massachusetts State prison to serve six years. It was while Jimmy Mede was in the Massachusetts State Prison that Frank Silva, Joe San Marco, Doggy Bruno and Guinea Oates attempted to hold up the L. Q. White payroll truck. And it was while Jimmy Mede was "doing his bit" in Charlestown that he learned all about the Bridgewater job. He got the story from Joe San Marco, who arrived at the prison with a life sentence for having killed a policeman at Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Joe told Jimmy all about the Bridgewater failure and named the men who were with him with the exception of Bruno. He recited in detail what occurred when they tried to hold up the L. Q. White Company payroll truck. Jimmy was not very well acquainted with Bruno or Guinea Oates, but he and Silva were intimate friends. I told Jimmy that I wanted to meet Doggy Bruno, Guinea Oates and Frank Silva. He said he hadn't seen Silva since 1917 when they planned the Bridgewater job and that he didn't know where he was. He also said that he didn't know where Guinea Oates and Doggy Bruno could be found. He said he would try to locate Silva, but he was certain that it wouldn't do any good to approach Silva.

"I doubt very much," Jimmy said, "if he will meet you and I'll bet a million that if he does meet you that he won't talk about the Bridgewater affair. He doesn't trust anybody. He thinks everybody is a copper."

Several days after this conversation, Jimmy telephoned me that he had found Silva, but that Silva had refused to meet me.

"He said he had nothing to say about the Bridgewater job," Jimmy informed me, "and that he doesn't want to meet you."

"Well," I said, "ask him to come up and have a drink with me. Tell him I'd like to meet him anyway. Tell him that I won't ask him any questions about the Bridgewater job."

But, Mr. Silva wouldn't come. He was immune to any sort of appeal. I knew what was in his mind. He had an idea that I was a plain clothes man trying to pin something on him, trying to trap him into admissions which might hurt him. I know how the mind of the average underworld "dangler" functions. I know how they view "square shooters" and "coppers."

I pleaded with Jimmy to try again.

"It's no use," Jimmy said, "he won't meet you and if you knew him as I know him you would realize that it's a waste of time."

Getting so near the story and then being confronted with the possibility of losing it, didn't seem so good. Then I decided to resort to a little strategy to meet Mr. Silva. I told Jimmy to meet him again and take him to dinner. I followed Jimmy when he went to meet Silva and then when he and Jimmy entered an Italian restaurant in the North End I waited a few minutes before I sauntered in the place. I took a table at the far end of the restaurant. Jimmy spoke to me as I passed, but Silva "never gave me a tumble." He just glared at me ferociously. After I had finished my anti-pasto I went over to their table. Jimmy introduced me. Silva nodded his head. He didn't speak. I saw at once that he was everything that Jimmy said he was. He began to talk Italian to Jimmy. I understand a little Italian. He said:

"So this is that bum that wants to talk with me; he looks like a cop."

I laughed at the remark. Silva raised his eyes and looked at me. I thought I observed a twinkle in them. I felt him mellowing. Then he spoke again. He asked me if I understood Italian and when I replied that I did, his face lighted up with a smile.

"The story is in the bag," I mused, "I've got him now."

I began to talk his language, the language of the underworld. I talked "stir" talk (prison talk) with him. I talked about grifters that he knew. When I invited him to come up to my hotel and have a drink with me, he came and there we sat for five hours punching the breeze about noted criminals and their escapades. But there was nothing said about Bridgewater. In fact, nothing was said about Bridgewater until he began addressing me by my first name and I began calling him Frank, which was four or five days after the meeting in the Italian restaurant. Even then he was just a little bit cagey, suspicious, apprehensive. I had to handle him taetfully.

It took a month to get him to go to New York with me and meet Mr. Bellamy and Silas Bent. He wouldn't tell the story on the occasion of his first visit to The Outlook office, and he didn't remain in New York very long. He returned to Boston next morning. Two weeks after his first trip to New York I went back to Boston for another chat with him. He invited me to his home for dinner, and thereafter there was nothing to it as the boys say. I had "sold" myself to him and he was ready to "come through" with the story of the crime for which Vanzetti, the poor fish peddler, was convicted and upon which conviction Massachusetts practically predicated his conviction of the South Braintree murders for which he and Sacco were executed.

I took Silva back to New York. Jimmy Mede accompanied us. Silva made his confession in the presence of the writer, Mr. Bellamy, Silas Bent and Mr. Woods of The Outlook staff. For two hours, he told it while I listened attentively to his confession and then asked him questions, trying to pick a flaw in it, but there were no flaws. Silva's story is the truth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Checking Up the Confession

By SILAS BENT

The Outlook's next step was to check up the story. The next day Silas Bent and Jack Callahan were sent with Mede and Silva to Boston. Mede provided a car and Silva was told to show again exactly how the crime was carried out

IN the back of the car, Frank (Winkus) Silva, alias Paul Martini, muttered softly every once in so often: "This is the road. This is the road."

We were on our way from Boston, through Mattapan and Brockton, to Bridgewater and the scene of the attempted robbery of the paymaster's truck, for which Bartolomeo Vanzetti was sentenced to the penitentiary. Silva had brought along two hats, one of straw and one a soft felt. This was his notion (not a bad one) of disguise.

Jimmy (Big Chief) Mede was driving the automobile in this trip to check up Silva's confession. I sat beside him. In the rear seat were Silva and Jack Callahan. We were traveling over the route Silva said he and his three confederates had followed the morning of the Bridgewater crime.

As a newspaper police reporter for years, I am not unfamiliar with false confessions. It is true that Silva's manner in making his affidavit, his excitement when he came to tell of the actual attempt to hold up the L. Q. White truck, had somewhat impressed me. But he is a type of gunman with which I am acquainted, and I distrust them. They are slippery customers, some of them. With Big Chief Mede, now, I felt more secure. I think him a man to be credited. As to Silva I was still skeptical. This trip was being made to convince me, and through me The Outlook, that he was not lying.

The gang started, Silva said, from the street beside North End Park in Boston. What he proposed to do now was to show me precisely where and how the crime was committed, and to take me out of Bridgewater over the roads used in the getaway.

We went first to the Bridgewater "square," and stopped the car while Silva pointed out the spot where he and Doggy Bruno had stood while they waited for the White pay truck to pull up beside the Bridgewater Trust Company. Then we drove north down Broad to Hale Street, which does not cross Broad but runs to the east from it, a few hundred feet below the square. Silva had on his soft hat now, pulled well down over his eyes. He was so excited that he almost stuttered.

When we reached Hale Street, Silva showed me just how the car was parked, perhaps ten feet from Broad, on the right-hand side, its wheels against the curb; then how, at his signal as the pay truck approached, it was backed out by Guinea Oates until its rear wheels projected a few feet into Broad. The original intention was to force the pay truck against the curb on the far side of Broad Street, pocket it, and take the $31,000 it contained. But an unforseen circumstance interfered. An interurban trolley car was coming down the street toward the railroad station.

"What do you mean, a street car?" I demanded. "There are no car tracks in this street."

Broad Street now is smooth asphalt. But Silva was obstinate. There had been car tracks, he insisted.

I questioned J. R. Callahan, who has a real estate office on Broad.

"Were there ever car tracks in this street?"

"Yes, years ago."

"Do you remember when they were taken up?"

"I think in the year Harding was inaugurated—1921."

How could Frank Silva have known that an interurban trolley once had this right of way?

As we drove down Broad, Silva had pointed out a building.

"Once when we were down here looking things over," he said, "Doggy Bruno and I played pool right there. But that ain't the building."

He was pointing at the Bridgewater Post Office.

I inquired of a postal clerk how long this building had been standing. He said about four years.

"Do you happen to remember whether there was a poolroom in the basement of the building here before that?"

"Yes, there was one," he replied. "There still is a poolroom in the basement."

Down near the railroad station at the corner of Perkins Street, six tenths of a mile from the square, Silva pointed out to me the Crystal Cafe.

"That," he said, "is where we got our breakfast that morning."

When I inquired of a waiter at the restaurant, he said that until five years ago this was a Greek coffee club, to which no outsider could gain admittance. Here at last was a hole in Silva's story!

"So nobody but a member could have got coffee and sandwiches here eight years ago?"

"Not in here; but there was a diner on this lot. Anybody could eat there. When we made this into a restaurant the diner was taken away."

Now, men may be mistaken in identifying another man, they may lie or be mistaken about where they were at a certain time on a certain day, but physical facts do not lie. Car tracks do not lie; a brick post office does not lie; a restaurant does not lie.

Silva's manner, moreover, which had grown tense as he told of the actual crime in the office of The Outlook, grew markedly excited while we were at the scene of the crime. I could not believe this gunman a superb actor. I began to be persuaded that he was telling the truth.

In making the getaway, Guinea Oates drove the Buick east in Hale Street to Plymouth, turned to the right past a high school, then to the right again into a road which passed two cemeteries, one on the left, the larger on the right. This route took the machine around the business centre of the village. Beside the larger cemetery, Silva said, the machine was stopped while he got out and removed one set of license plates, put his foot on them and bent them. He says he gave these plates to Doggy Bruno on the front seat, and told him to throw them "into the first deep water we pass." And a bundle was made of the four overcoats and caps, which was also to be thrown out at some favorable spot during the flight. Silva said the car was not stopped again, and he does not know when or where Bruno disposed of these bits of incriminating evidence. I was unable to find any trace of them. Those license plates, Silva stole, he said.

"Can you find the garage?" I asked him.

"I can find it," he assured me. "It is in Needham, across from a police station."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So Big Chief Mede took us to Needham, and Silva again put on his felt hat.

The garage Silva pointed out is directly back of the City Hall. The rear of the City Hall is the police station, loudly so announced with a sign.

Over Silva's protest, I insisted that Mede drive us twice past this place, for I wanted to make sure just where it was. Each time Silva pulled his hat down low over his eyes, and turned his back, crouching in his seat. After eight years, he feared detection! He was afraid because, as he has told you in his affidavit, he had tried boldly to borrow the number plates, before he stole them. Failing that, he had slipped into the garage in daylight, found a pair of plates attached only with twine, and walked out with them under his coat.

RETURNING alone, I found Silva's fear of being recognized quite unjustified. George H. Hassam, who managed the garage when he stole the plates, is now a traveling salesman, with territory in Maine. None of the old employes was there. But from other sources I learned that the plates *had* been stolen, at the time Silva said they were stolen, and that a man had tried to borrow a set. For Hassam was a witness at the trial of Vanzetti, and testified to these facts. He was asked whether he recognized the man who had tried to borrow a set of plates. No, he had never seen the fellow before. He thought he was an Italian. When asked to describe him more fully, he said:

"The man, I should say, was about five feet six or seven inches, dark hair and dark eyes, short croppy mustache, swarthy complexion."

"About how old a man?"

"I should think he might be thirty-five to thirty-eight."

Except as to the age—and Frank Silva boasts he hasn't changed a bit in the last ten years—this is as good a description as I myself could give you of the man. I have talked with him four times, and I have eaten spaghetti at his Boston home, and yet this suspicious garage manager, in a brief talk and dismissal, got quite as good a notion of Silva's physical presence. At the trial Hassam was not asked to identify Vanzetti, who was in the dock.

There were three men on the paymaster's truck when it was driven down Broad Street, that December morning. One of them, the driver, died of natural causes during the winter. Two of them are still living. One is Benjamin F. Bowles, still watchman for the L. Q. White Shoe Company. The other is Alfred E. Cox, the paymaster, now manager of the William H. Bassett Company, a garage and automobile selling agency.

Bowles, holding a city job as constable, is paid by the shoe company; not by the city. At the trial he was positive in his identification of Vanzetti as the man with the shotgun in the attempted robbery. Frank Silva says the man with the shotgun was Doggy Bruno.

I found Bowles in the yard of the shoe factory. When I told him what I wanted, he threw up his hands and walked away. Jack Callahan, who was with me, wanted to follow and question him further. This I dissuaded him from doing. "The man has got orders not to talk," I argued.

Subsequently, I went to Bridgewater, and by telephone made an appointment with Ralph White, now active head of the shoe company.

"Why do you come to me about this case?" he demanded, when I saw him. "I wasn't even here when it happened. There's nothing I can say."

"I do not want you to talk," I explained. "I only want you to release your man Bowles, whom you have told not to talk. I would like to have an order to him, instructing him to answer my questions."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," he said. "The case is closed."

"It is not closed," I retorted; "it is just beginning to open up." But he would not listen to my argument that it could do no harm for Bowles to talk, if there were nothing to conceal. The case was closed, he insisted.

Then I went to see Cox, in the office of the Bassett company. He denied that he had ever identified Vanzetti positively as the man with the shotgun.

"It would be a terrible thing," he said, "if we had sent up the wrong man for that job."

"I'm trying to find out whether it was the wrong man," I said. "I have evidence which makes me think Vanzetti had nothing to do with it."

Cox is a straightforward person, and I think he has a New England conscience. His manner clearly showed that he was distressed about the Vanzetti conviction. I was convinced as I talked with him that if the truth had not become known, it was through no conscious fault of his. Let me quote parts of his testimony when Vanzetti was on trial before Mr. Justice Webster Thayer:

On direct examination he said: "That man was five feet eight, of slight build, that is, not a heavy man; he had on a dark overcoat and the collar turned up."

And again:

"The man was of medium complexion, with prominent cheekbones, rather high; he had a short, well-trimmed mustache. That is, not what you would term an awfully small mustache, but short." . . .

"Have you seen the man with the shotgun since that day?"

"I feel that I have."

"Where?"

"In the Brockton police station."

"Who is the man?"

"The man in the dock there."

As he said this, Cox pointed at Vanzetti. But hear him on cross-examination:

"You are not positive (about this identification)?"

"I am not positive."

"You are not sure?"

"I feel sure, because he answers the man's description; he looks like the man."

COX said time and again there was a doubt in his mind. He testified in a lower court that the man with the shotgun had a "croppy" mustache. (This fits the description of Doggy Bruno.) In the higher court, the court presided over by Mr. Justice Thayer, he somewhat changed his testimony. He said "the man might look different today." This was six months after the attempted hold-up. Confronted with his testimony in the lower court, and asked about his hesitancy there, he said, "I think it is a serious proposition."

"You remember the hesitation?"

"Yes."

Subsequently he testified:

"At that hearing (in the Brockton police court) the witness who followed me answered the same question and that would contradict what I had said, and naturally I wondered whether I was wrong or whether he was right. (This was Bowles, who had been positive in his identification of Vanzetti.) I thought that. It came right into my head that he was right and that I was wrong."

"Right then and there?"

"That belief became more positive than it had been at any time I happened to think of it. . . ."

"You have changed your testimony in other particulars, have you not, from what it was at Brockton?"

"In no other way that I can think of, no other way that I know of."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Then Cox was asked about the mustache of the man with the shotgun.

"I might have used the word 'croppy'," he testified. "I have left that word out because I don't know at this moment just what it means—because I don't know just what a croppy mustache is; in my vocabulary that is the word that occurred to me at that time."

Now, as you will see, this matter of the kind of mustache the gangster with the shotgun wore was of special interest in this case. I will show you that Vanzetti wore a long, flowing mustache. Gutzum Borglum, who made a memorial bas-relief, has pictures of Vanzetti for many years back, and in all of them the mustache is long and flowing. I myself tried to find some one of his acquaintance who had known him when the mustache was cut short, and could find not one.

Both Silva and Doggy Bruno wore "croppy" mustaches the day of the attempted robbery. I have before me as I write not only the record of the Plymouth trial before Mr. Justice Thayer, but also the facts gathered by Pinkerton detectives immediately after the crime. They were employed by the shoe company, and were on the scene at work in less than six hours. Every witness they questioned about the mustache—every one who had seen the man with the shotgun at close range—said that he had a close-cropped mustache. This was their vivid first impression.

In other respects the Pinkerton reports curiously confirm the confessions given to The Outlook. There was Miss Helen Perkins, for example. She lives at 242 Main Street in Bridgewater, but is an invalid, and was not a witness at the trial. She told a Pinkerton (Operative J. J. H.) that on her way to work at the post office she saw the curtained automobile; that she saw a "dark, well-dressed Italian" get out of the automobile; and that a few minutes later "this man passed me going toward the centre of the town along Main Street, and he had another neatly dressed foreigner with him about the same size and appearance."

Do you remember what Frank Silva said? He and Doggy Bruno went up to the "square" (it is really a sort of triangle) and watched the bank until the shoe company pay truck drew up at the door. Here is confirmation, although there was no such testimony at the trial or elsewhere.

The Pinkertons found Frank W. Harding, then employed by the Bassett company—but two months later taken into the employ of the White Shoe Company—who had noted the number of the license plates on the gunmen's curtained car: Mass. O1173C.

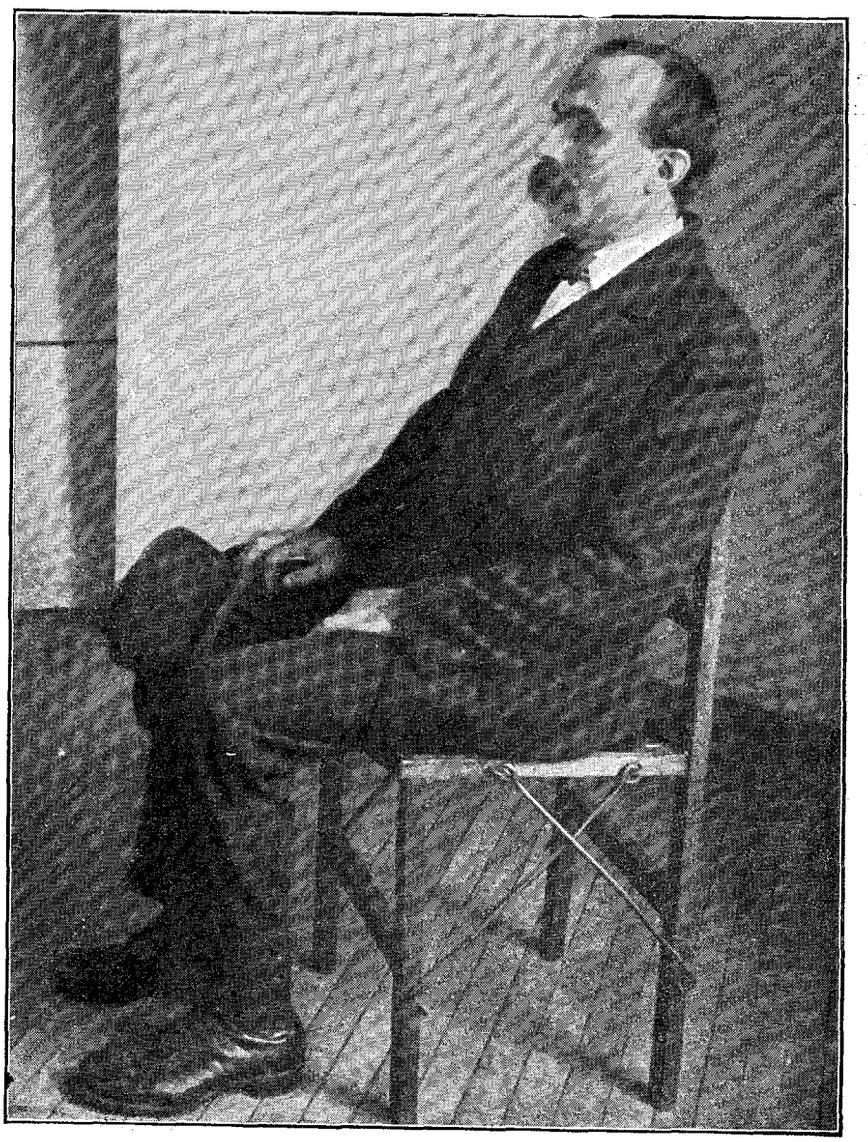
Operative H. H., in his report of December 30, 1919, said: "Those driving the car on the morning of the attempted hold-up knew the surrounding country, as they avoided going through the main section of any of the towns they passed through. At Stoughton they turned up Walnut Street and thus made a detour to avoid passing through the business section and square."

Mede, who drove the day we rehearsed the crime, took precisely that course at Stoughton; and Guinea Oates, who had driven over the route oftener than Mede, certainly must have known the country and its roads as well.

One Pinkerton operative reported that the Bridgewater Chief of Police, Michael E. Stewart, said: "There are a lot of Reds and Bolshevists about town." It was Stewart who was the prime official mover in the case against Vanzetti.

Two Pinkertons happened to be at the Needham Police Station when Hassam was questioned about the theft of plates from his garage. They made separate reports, not quite identical. Operative H. H. quoted Hassam as saying: "On Monday, December 22, (1919) between 12.30 and 1.30, a man tried to borrow two number plates, giving as his reason that he had bought an old car and wanted to get it home." Hassam refused. He described the visitor, whom he had never before seen, as five feet eight inches tall, weighing about 165 pounds, stocky, with black hair, dark sallow complexion, black eyes, black mustache, cropped close. Operative J. J. H. added that Hassam said: "I think he was a Sicilian. . . . He spoke broken English."

Frank Silva is from the south of Italy. He speaks broken English.



BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Operative H. H. (a pretty good detective, I'd say) reported that during the evening of Sunday, December 22 (1919), a Buick seven-passenger touring car belonging to a Natick shoe man (whom he named) was stolen from in front of 115 Fairoaks Street in *Needham*. This car had a black body with a light blue stripe around the body, and a complete set of side curtains. "It is thought," said H. H. warily, "that this car may have been used by the men last Wednesday," the day of the Bridgewater crime.

Guinea Oates was a Needham man, you remember. And Frank Silva said he assumed—probably he knew—that the seven-passenger Buick which Guinea took to Boston had been stolen. Gangsters often steal cars for particular jobs, and often discard them afterward. And the description of this stolen automobile fits perfectly the Buick at Bridgewater.

These Pinkerton reports were at the service, of course, of Massachusetts officialdom in investigating the Bridgewater case. There is no record I can find of an effort to follow up the tip Pinkerton H. H. gave. A car stolen at Needham would never contribute, certainly, to a case against Vanzetti.

I wanted pictures of Frank Silva and his companions. I did not care about a picture of Guinea Oates, because according to Silva's story he did not leave the machine; and in getting pictures of San Marco and Doggy Bruno I did not have much trouble. The picture of Silva I was unable to get in Boston. First I tried Superintendent Crowley of the city police force. Then I went to Sanford Bates, Commissioner of Police. Then I went to police headquarters in Cambridge, where there is a rogues' gallery picture of Silva with a mustache. The Massachusetts law provides that such a picture shall not even be exhibited except on order from the Superior Court, the district attorney, or the police themselves. But that law, like others in Massachusetts and elsewhere, is sometimes lightly regarded where the press is concerned. Why did these men so obstinately refuse to give me Frank Silva's photograph?

Because Silva's name had been connected before with the Bridgewater case! Big Chief Mede had talked with Governor Fuller about it, just before the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. Mede went to the Governor himself and after the most urgent insistence was given a hearing. Mede at that moment made a clean breast of the whole thing, in a private interview with the Governor. Subsequently, three weeks before the execution, Mede's conscience so troubled him that he determined to make a confession even to the police themselves, and so, if possible, save the lives of the two men. I am going to set down here a statement by Dr. Joseph Santosuosso, an Italian lawyer in Boston, who accompanied Mede to the State police headquarters:

August 3, 1927

At 10.45 this day, August 3, Mr. Max L. Glazer, attorney for James Mede, Mr. Mede, and I, (Joseph Santosuosso), went to the State Police Department in the State House and asked for Lieut. Ferrari. The purpose of our going there was for Mr. Mede to give Lieut. Ferrari a statement of his knowledge of several branches of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, including the attempted robbery at Bridgewater on December 24, 1919, and also the South Braintree crime of April 15, 1920.

Lieut. Ferrari suggested that we give him the story in the presence of the captain, Capt. Blye. We acquiesced, and Mr. Glazer, Mr. Mede, and I, accompanied by Lieut. Ferrari, went into Capt. Blye's office and were introduced to him. I then told Capt. Blye that Mr. Glazer was attorney for Mr. Mede, and that although I was an attorney, I was not his attorney, but was very much interested in the defense of the Sacco-Vanzetti matter, and had been for some time; and that Mr. Mede was ready to give him a statement concerning his knowledge of various phases of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Capt. Blye asked if it was important, and I stated that it was very important, as it had great bearing on the case. The following conversation then took place:

Capt. Blye: "Well, I don't see why I should take the statement. I think you should go to the Governor and tell him. I remember Mr. Mede being in the Governor's office about a week ago, and I gave him an opportunity then to come down to see me to give me any statement he desired, but he didn't do it, and I see no reason why I should take any statement at this late day."

I told him that I thought it was his duty to take any important statement bearing on the case, even if it were given a few minutes before the men were to be executed, as the lives of two men were at stake, and that he should first take the statement and then consider whether or not it would be advisable to investigate the same.

Capt. Blye: I think it is rather embarrassing to me. You should go to the Governor.

J. S.: Well, he has already been to the Governor. He has told the Governor his story.

Capt. Blye: Well, then, let the Governor instruct me.

J. S.: Well, when Mr. Mede told the Governor the story he asked the Governor to treat the statement confidentially, but after further thought and consideration Mr. Mede feels that it is not necessary that the story be treated confidentially any longer, and he comes to you now, accompanied by us, to give you a statement, and then it is up to you to decide whether you want to take it up with the Governor or otherwise.

Capt. Blye: Well, I refuse to take the statement because I think it is rather embarrassing, and I might be criticized.

J. S.: I think you will be criticized if you refuse to take the statement. I will tell you this, Captain, that when I leave your office after your last refusal I shall go immediately to Mr. W. G. Thompson's office, senior counsel in this matter, and I shall inform him of your refusal, and then let him, who is the man directing the ship for the defence, decide what he is to do. Mr. Mede, I think, has an important statement implicating other people. These men are innocent people in the opinion of Mr. Mede and in the opinion of Mr. Glazer and myself, after having received the information.

Capt. Blye: Well, I can't take it and I won't take it. I will have to see my superior officers.

J. S.: Who are your superior officers?

Capt. Blye: The Governor and the Commissioner of Public Safety. (I think he means Col. Foote.)

J. S.: Well, I think it is your duty to take the statement and submit the statement to your superior officers, and then let them decide whether you should be instructed to further investigate. It might be construed that you people don't care to do anything more about this case and let Nature take its course.

Capt. Blye: Well, it is embarrassing. I think it will be damned embarrassing.

J. S.: I think it will be embarrassing when it becomes known you refuse to take a statement. I have done my duty.

The above is the substance of the conversation.

It is to be noted that Dr. Santosuosso's statement confirms Big Chief Mede's affidavit that he told Governor Fuller the whole truth about the Bridgewater case; also, it reveals the attitude both of the Governor and of the State police chief.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mede had helped plan the crime; while a prisoner in the Massachusetts prison at Charlestown he obtained from Joe San Marco, also confined there, the details of the actual bungling attempt. When he went to the Governor, therefore, he had a detailed statement to make, and made it. But this was with the understanding, so Mede now says, that the two were talking confidentially, and that Governor Fuller was to use the statement as the basis of an independent investigation.

Governor Fuller, so Mede says, called in a State police officer. This so alarmed Mede that he left the State House in haste. Strictly speaking, therefore, part of this story which The Outlook is publishing was known to Governor Fuller; it would have been known in detail to Captain Blye if he had been willing to listen to it. When I tried to get Frank Silva's picture in Massachusetts, the officials to whom I applied presumably knew what I was up to, and threw in my way such obstacles as they could.

This explains, also, I believe, why the attorneys for Sacco and Vanzetti, who probably had an inkling of the facts, could not get at them. No one who has not experienced the bitterly repressive atmosphere of Massachusetts can quite realize what those attorneys had to contend with.

Very well: I had the pictures of San Marco and Doggy Bruno, obtained without official consent. I determined to show them to Cox.

Cox refused even to examine them. His distress was unmistakable.

But what about that car crew? Silva had said, and a dozen witnesses at the trial had testified, that an interurban trolley car stopped at Hale Street just before the firing began. One of them said that as the man with the revolver (Silva) stepped into the street, it looked as though he meant to board the car. So far as I could learn, the names of the motorman and conductor on this car had never been mentioned in connection with the Bridgewater crime. Neither side summoned them as witnesses. Was it because they would not identify Vanzetti as the man with the shotgun?

I learned their names: Hiram Butler, who lives in the Montello section of Brockton, and E. J. Walsh, who lives at 81 Thurber Street in that city. I took to them my pictures of San Marco and Bruno.

"Do you recognize these men?" I asked.

Both refused to examine the pictures. Both made the same reply to my question. They asserted that they had not seen any of the gunmen that December morning.

Consider the facts: The street car came down Broad just ahead of the truck; that was why Guinea Oates didn't back his car farther into the street. And as the truck turned to the left around the stationary street car, using it as a temporary screen, the man with the shotgun fired point blank at it. Was it possible that neither of the crew had caught even a glimpse of the gangsters? Let us suppose that they dropped in fright to the bottom of the car. Would they have done that without seeing what was going on? There was Bowles, on the truck, firing at the gunmen, and there were the three gunmen, dodging about and firing at the men on the truck. Yet both these car men (and I talked twice with Walsh), denied that they had got so much as a fleeting look at the affray.

In attempting to check up Silva's story at another point, I met disappointment. He said he had worked a week or ten days at the L. Q. White factory in 1917. (You would think from the first part of his confession that he was an honest workman, discontented with his wages: the usual patter for the police. As a fact he was there, and it was a usual task of his, to find out about payroll deliveries.) It was important to know whether he had actually worked there. But I learned that all the payroll records of this factory prior to 1920 had been destroyed. There was no chance of a check-up.

In Silva's confession there are two discrepancies. He said that Bowles was seated, not beside the driver but on the side of the car near the front; and that the trolley car came down the street behind the pay truck. In truth, all the testimony, including that of Bowles, himself, shows that he was seated beside the driver, and that the street car was in front of the pay truck. If Silva was present, shooting at the truck, how could he be mistaken about such important facts?

Well, as a reporter who has questioned many persons after scenes of violence, I can assure you that men in excitement do go wrong on just such details. Cox, himself, the paymaster, testified at first that the side curtains of the truck were half-way down. Even Silva knew better than that: He said they were rolled to the top, as they were, according to Bowles and many other witnesses. Cox corrected his testimony on that point. When Silva got certain of his facts wrong, it served only to strengthen his story in my eyes. At such a moment, when shots are flying and men's lives are at stake, errors of observation are inevitable. This fact is re-established in every case which depends upon observation of details for identification. Two witnesses of an accident, for example, will disagree upon the most vital particulars, even though they were standing together when it occurred. When witnesses disagree an hour after an accident takes place, it is little wonder that minor details of Frank Silva's story should disagree with what seem to be the facts, nine years after the hold-up was staged. The wonder would have been if he had remembered everything correctly.

But the strongest point, after all—taken in connection with the corroborative material I have put before you—is Frank Silva's detailed knowledge of the happenings that day. Even with the record of the testimony and the Pinkerton reports before me, I cannot reconstruct the crime more clearly—not as clearly—from the gunmen's standpoint. Where could Frank Silva have got his information, if he was not there? He is not the man, certainly, to hang around a courtroom.

It must be borne in mind that this was not a big newspaper story. Nobody was hurt, no money was stolen. The Boston newspapers contented themselves with a stickful—an inch!—about the crime, and practically ignored all but the verdict in the trial. Certainly, as I satisfied myself from an examination of the files, Frank Silva could not have got his exact information there.

And in all the voluminous discussion of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, by partisans and by the newspapers, almost nothing has been said of the Bridgewater phase of it. Vanzetti himself once protested against this; for, as he said: "The two trials," (referring to Plymouth and Dedham, where the Bridgewater and South Braintree cases came up) "are but parts of the same thing: I would say, the reciprocals of the case."

If Frank Silva were romancing or lying, it would be easy, from the multiplicity of documentary evidence at hand, to confound him. If Frank Silva had not taken part as a principal in the Bridgewater job, he could not conceivably have such detailed, provable knowledge of it.

Frank Silva, alias Paul Martini, has told the truth.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bridgewater Trial

AND meanwhile, what of Vanzetti? With Silva's story in mind how could Vanzetti have been convicted? What evidence was brought out against him? First, it must be remembered, as has been said, that Bartolomeo Vanzetti was one of the leaders in the Plymouth Cordage Company strike of 1916. At that time he was working in the factory. When the strike was concluded, he was the only worker whom the factory owners refused to re-employ. Furthermore, he belonged to the same group of anarchists to which Salsedo had—and when arrested he not only feared a similar result in his case, but was under the necessity of keeping faith with his friends and injuring no one. As for his being a user of dynamite himself, let it be said at once that while his principles and much of his philosophy of life coincided with those of the group of anarchists to which he belonged,—and whom the Department of Justice had under surveillance,—he quarreled bitterly with them over their methods. Nor did his views coincide always with the views of his fellow workers. He spoke to them in Italian time and again from platforms, during the strike, and often his views were unacceptable to them. More than once he was pushed off the speakers' rostrum by indignant men. His eloquence, his persuasiveness, his intransigence, were regarded by other leaders as dangerous weapons. He himself believed that this strike had an important bearing on his trial in Plymouth for the Bridgewater crime. Six years after his conviction he wrote his own account of the forces which he believed to be at play behind his conviction. The Outlook quotes excerpts from the pamphlet without comment, as a document of interest in connection with the crime.

"I believe that the Dedham trial [for the South Braintree murders] cannot be thoroughly understood," Vanzetti wrote, "and explained without a thorough understanding of the Plymouth trial [for the Bridgewater attempt], because, more than being strictly related to each other, the two trials are part of the same thing: I would say, the reciprocals of the case.

"I further believe that the whole case cannot be understood and explained without a sufficient knowledge of the human elements by which, and of the time and environment in which, we were arrested and convicted. Very little has been written about the Plymouth trial, and still less about these things, because the necessity of defense for the Dedham trial has absorbed all the time and the energy of those friends and comrades who defend us. Consequently, I have decided to compile a list of statements of facts related to the case and explaining its historical causes, factors and attendant circumstances, and also to give you an outline of the Plymouth trial. Here is the list of the facts which, in my opinion, should explain the case:

"The plutocracy rules effectively the world with the help of a big minority of common people and the acquiescence of the great masses. This general historical truth is most strictly related to our case. It does not need explanation. We were handled by supporters of the plutocracy, and judged by them.

"We are Anarchists, Italians, and slackers. As Anarchists, we are the most misunderstood, feared and hated of individuals by the American ragged and golden mobs. As Italians we belong to one of the most scorned and despised nationalities, as adversaries of the war, as slackers, we deserve the rope in the opinion of the vulgar majority of the American people, who tried and judged us.

"In our quality of libertarians and workers, we had, before our arrest, fought against the American plutocracy, on the workers' side. Sacco had been very active in the strike of the Milford Foundry workers and in the Ettor and Giovannitti case. In short: Sacco had been very active in every strike, struggle, and agitation that happened during the time of his libertarian militancy. I had participated in the strike of the Plymouth Cordage Co. workers in 1915. This company is one of the greatest money powers of this Nation. The town of Plymouth is its feudal tenure. Of all the local men who took a prominent part in the strike, I was the only one who did not yield or betray the workers. Towards the end of the strike, the "Boston Post," a quasi-exclusive creature of the Cordage Company, said that "About one hundred Italian Anarchists are keeping the strike on, against the will of all the other strikers. That was an exaggerated half truth. But of all the local men who had taken a big part in the strike, I was the only one who, instead of being compensated, was blacklisted by the company, and subjected to a long, vain and useless police vigilance. And I wholly realized that the Cordage Company would never forget or forgive me for the little that I had done in behalf of its exploited workers. At this point, I must relate the above with the Plymouth trial.

"The greater part of the Italian Colony of Plymouth depends upon the Cordage Company, which has such a well organized espionage service, that it knows all the public and private affairs of the town in general, and of its employees in particular. Now many of its employees were positive of my innocence. It was highly voiced by the whole community; Mr. Brown, the Company manager, was undoubtedly informed of my innocence, even before the trial. A single word from such a power, and I would have been freed, whereas, in the conduct of the judge, of the prosecutor, and even of my lawyer, the Plymouth trial has, from its very beginning, assumed the appearance of what it has been: a legal lynching. My elimination by legal means was the revenge of that great money power.

"We were arrested and tried while the post war reaction was at its height. The reaction's primitive slogans, 'The radicals shall not be repressed but suppressed,' and 'Treat them rough!' were practiced in the streets and in the squares as well as in the police stations and in the courts of this nation. To prove my assertion, I will provide you with 'The Delirium of Deportation of 1920' by Louis Post, assistant Secretary of Labor, during Palmer's administration, and with 'War Time Mobs and Court Violence' edited by the American Civil Liberties Union. These documents will suffice to convince you and every possible Mexican Saint Thomas that my words are not exaggerations.

"The post-war increased criminality weighed very much against us. During the few months previous to our arrest, Massachusetts had been flooded by a terrifying 'crime wave'; breaking and entering, bank robberies, highway robberies, and murders had been committed. None of the guilty were arrested. The people were frightened

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and indignant, the press frantically yelling for prompt and drastic police action, and the plutocracy was pressing the authorities to eradicate in any way the rampant criminality. A bill was entered in the Massachusetts legislature calling for a huge reward for the apprehension, arrest and conviction of the Braintree robbers and slayers. We have lately been told that no proof of the posting of such reward can be found. But we maintain our assertion, for there were many rewards of different nature. Also the Slater & Morrill Shoe Company of Braintree and the Bridgewater Shoe Co. posted rewards for the same thing.

"The posting of such rewards greatly contributed to our conviction. The whole of our case, as well as each of its details, show that after the posting of those awards all were interested in our conviction: the rabble, the police, the prosecution, the State and the plutocracy, all of them.

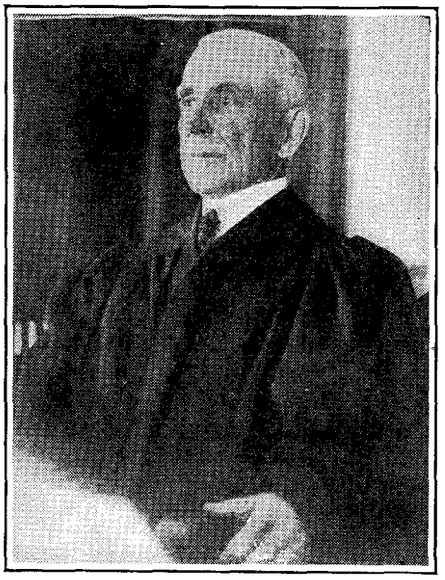
"At the time of our arrest, the reaction had already deported or dispersed, in one way or another, our most experienced and learned comrades, especially in this State, so that the tremendous task of our defense fell on comrades and friends, all of whom, more or less, were inexperienced in the ways of the American people, police courts, and legal proceedings. We, ourselves, were most ignorant in such things. Thus inevitably occurred numerous and grave errors which greatly neutralized the world wide agitation and protest made in our behalf by the best part of mankind. Moreover, through our ignorance of men and things, we retained in our defense betrayers and unfit lawyers who, voluntarily or involuntarily, have ruined the case. Thus was spent a large part of the money provided for our defense by the solidarity of people living in this country, and the task of the counsel, who were and are working honestly in our behalf, was thus rendered extremely difficult.

"On our arrest we were searched. A revolver was found on each of us, some extra revolver cartridges on Sacco, and three or four shotgun shells on me. In refusing us a new trial, Webster Thayer said that the Jury had convicted us, not on testimony of eye witnesses, but on circumstantial evidence. Without those two revolvers and few cartridges, there would not even be "a shadow" of material evidence against us. And the objects are not evidence at all, except as proof of what the prosecution has been known to do with them. The same could be said of what Thayer called 'circumstantial evidence.'

"The triumph of reaction through Europe and the advent of Fascismo in Italy have been very inimical to our case. Italian public opinion has always been favorable to us, and so has the whole Italian press.

"So whatever the simpleton and the formalistic may think or say, my opinion is that with any other party and with any other men in the government of Italy, at this time, we would have been freed. By this, we have simply made a statement of fact or rather, of opinion, and we are not asking for anything of any government, not even justice, which we expect from the people.

"Many may have wondered, or may wonder that in spite of our innocence,



JUDGE WEBSTER THAYER

of the world wide agitation in ouf behalf, and of the $300,000 spent in our defense, we could have been tried and convicted twice, and still be in prison. But I hope that, after having read and meditated upon the above statements, every normal person will realize that there is no reason to wonder at the outcome of the case. We should wonder if the contrary had happened. Yet, the case is by no means definitely closed. We expect nothing but injustice and abuse from our prosecutors but we will fight to the last.

"To eat eels and fish on Christmas Eve, is with the Italian people an ancient tradition, beside, we are very fond of such food. On the 24th of December, 1919, while I was selling eels in Plymouth at 35 cents a pound, the greedy fish peddlers of Boston, abusing the people's fondness for eels, sold them at $1.25 and $1.50 a pound. I, being engaged in peddling marine products, and knowing this tradition, thought to provide eels to my customers for Christmas Eve. So during the preceding weeks, I passed from house to house to take orders, which were many. This had never happened before in the history of the Plymouth colony. Its newness and the solemnity of the day on which it happened made the thing memorable to my customers. But to deliver the order I was compelled to work all day long on the 24th of December and to work in Plymouth, thirty miles away from the scene of the crime.

"When the Plymouth Italian population heard that I had been indicted for the Bridgewater crime they declared my innocence and offered their testimony. On my arrival at Plymouth, Massachusetts, eight years before my arrest, I wore a beard, but the form and appearance of my mustache and hair was practically as when I was arrested. About two years after my arrival in Plymouth I shaved my beard off but continued to keep my hair and mustache as before. Consequently my face was familiar to the whole town, especially because I had been a peddler and an out of doors worker, and had worked a long time at the Cordage and taken an active part in the strike. So after having heard the State witnesses' description of the bandit, I told Mr. Vahey that he could call the Plymouth policemen, American contractors for whom I had worked and all the Italian prominent business men and barbers to testify that I had never worn my hair in a pompadour nor my mustache the Charlie Chaplin way, or short, cropped or not even "well trimmed at the ends."

"Mr. Vahey did nothing about it except that he told me that the contractors had forgotten about my physiognomy, which was either his or their lies. But he was compelled to produce several men and women who had offered their testimony on this matter. All of them were my neighbors, Italian workers, except Mr. Ferrari, who was a beer-dealer. Therefore I kept insisting to Mr. Vahey for more and more influential, to the jury, witnesses. And when I perceived that he was not going to produce any policemen, business-men, or barbers on my behalf, I told him that if he would not provide a stronger defense I would stand in the dock, protest my rights and denounce him in open court. My eyes must have been more telling than my words. Mr. Vahey yielded, then he sent, at the last mo-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ment, in haste and hurry, his agent Doviglio Govoni in search of some policemen and barbers. Govoni returned to the court with an Italian barber and two American policemen. Both the policemen testified to having known me for many years, during which they had seen me almost daily, and that to the best of their memory I had always worn my hair and mustache as they were at the moment. Yet they appeared nervous and disturbed while on the stand; their testimony was far less vigorous than their conscience could have allowed it to be.

"The fact is, that after all they were policemen for their own and their family's living, and they knew that the judge, the prosecutor and the Cordage Company were all against me and were consequently afraid to testify in my behalf. Had they been properly notified their testimony would have been more firm and convincing.

"Now a few words about the barber. In North Plymouth, where I resided for eight years, there are five Italian barbers. Four of them good looking, intelligent men, who speak quite well both the Italian and the English languages. The other man is a good devil, but he does not speak either in good Italian or in good English. He speaks Napolitan and he also stammered a good deal. None of these five men are of my ideas, some of them are political adversaries of mine, but all of them would have come to testify in my behalf. Well, had it been by chance or by malice or by both of them,—as it seems to have been,—the truth is that Mr. Govoni brought into court the one of them who stutters, and does not speak English. In spite of all, the truth is easily told and our man's testimony was very good. He said he knew me for many years, had shaved me and cut my hair many times, that I have always worn my hair and mustache as at the moment and that I had my hair cut short and all even, and that it is impossible to cut it at a pompadour. Asked if he ever trimmed my mustache, he answered negatively: 'Vanzetti has always worn a full mustache; I just cut some hair at the centre under the nose which were bending toward the mouth.' "

This was just the apparently weak point of his testimony that Katzmann had endeavored to obtain. Once obtained Mr. Katzmann exploited it to the utmost, making a great idea about those "one or two hairs" to prove the self-contradiction and insincerity of the witness.

"At this point, one could wonder and ask himself, 'But if it is true that the whole town knows very well both the defendant and the manager of the Plymouth House, why then does the jury not accept the truth?' Well, only one of the twelve jurors was a resident of Plymouth and he was a foreman of the Cordage Company. The other eleven jurors are residents of other towns. And since we are explaining, I will add that the capitalistic press of the State has really lynched us rather than convicted us, by its terrible campaign against us, especially on our arrest. The American public, from which the jurors came, was doped against us. They had read and believed the press campaign against us, by which they were told at the very beginning that we are radicals and strike leaders.

"Judge Thayer could have sentenced me to his heart's content on the same day the verdict was rendered. He had been against me to death, he had foreseen the trial outcome, he had used and done everything possible against me, and was already determined to give me the maximum punishment. Yet for reasons most easily guessed, he waited several weeks before sentencing me. Finally, on the 16th of August, 1920, in the Plymouth Court, Judge Webster Thayer sentenced me to from twelve to fifteen years imprisonment in the State prison. With a masterful stroke of unsurpassed hypocrisy, he dropped the verdict of guilty of attempt to kill, and then he sentenced me only for 'attempt to rob.' With this difference that he gave me for attempt to rob a sentence longer than the sentences of any of those who were in the State prison, when I arrived, for having been found guilty of highway robbery, of attempt to kill, and of having shot their victims. I could cite a dozen of such cases. But Thayer was not satisfied with so little . . . in sentencing me, he insulted my principles, my ideals and the truth, saying, 'The defendant's ideals are cognate with the crime.' Those words alone prove irrefutably the Judge's prejudice and hatred against our persons and our principles. Thus ended the obscene parody of a trial known as the Plymouth trial, that split my existence and plunged in sorrow and mourning the hearts of beloved ones."

So much for a description of the background of the trial as Vanzetti saw it. How about the trial itself? Does it bear out his statements? And Frank Silva's confession? What was the evidence?

Well, the evidence in the Bridgewater case, as the transcript shows, was wholly circumstantial. At the last moment, Mr. Justice Thayer admitted testimony that a revolver was found on Vanzetti when he was arrested, more than four months after the crime. (He told the police he sometimes carried large sums of money, and carried the weapon for his protection.) That, we must believe, proved a damaging fact, in the jury's eyes. For the rest, the case hung wholly on identification; and the identification (based in large part on the mustache worn by the gangster with the shotgun—Doggy Bruno, as we now know) depended on the assumption that Vanzetti had had the ends of his mustache cut close especially for the occasion.

The defense offered an alibi covering the whole day of the crime, from 6:15 AM. on. These witnesses were Vanzetti's customers who had bought eels and fish that day, his landlady and a boy who helped with the deliveries; and most of them talked through an interpreter. The methods by which the State sought to break down their testimony will be revealed in the following analysis of the record. But first let us hear the opening statements to the jury.

▸▸Opening for the Commonwealth by Mr. Kane

Mr. Foreman and Gentlemen—You have been selected out of an array of jurors at this session of the Court to try these two important charges against the defendant at the bar. You have not been challenged by either the Commonwealth or the defendant. You have not asked to be excused. You are acceptable, all of you, to both sides of these important cases; and, Gentlemen, these are important cases that you are about to hear. It is not Alfred E. Cox against the defendant; it is not Earl Graves against the defendant; it is not Benjamin Bowles against the defendant, it is the Commonwealth of Massachusetts against the defendant at the bar. The Commonwealth is interested in this case as well as the defendant. Your consideration of the evidence and your decision from the evidence in this case is very important; perhaps, Gentlemen, it will be the most important case or cases that you have ever listened to as jurors, as there is a great deal involved here. The safety and the security of the public, the security of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

human beings and their property is involved,—

Mr. Vahey. May it please the Court—

The Court. The opening,—this is more of an argument, is it not?

Mr. Kane. Well, perhaps it is, your Honor. I was simply showing the importance of the case, that is all.

The Court. You may proceed.

Mr. Kane. Now, Gentlemen, I will say in addition to what I have already said, that if I have trespassed upon the rights of the defendant in any way, I do not wish you to consider it at all. We are about to proceed now with these important cases against the defendant and with reference to the particular offenses, one being an assault with intent to rob Alfred E. Cox, and the other indictment being an assault with intent to kill Alfred E. Cox in one count and Earl Graves in another count and Benjamin Bowles in another count. So you can see, Gentlemen, from the reading of the indictment by the clerk that they are very important cases.

With reference to the law in regard to what criminal intent is, his Honor will take care of that matter when he delivers his charge to the jury. In my opening statement to you I am only concerned now with reference to the evidence the Commonwealth intends to present here for your consideration. You have heard in the indictments that the Commonwealth claims that these offenses took place on the 24th day of last December, early in the morning. On your view yesterday your attention was called to the large factory lying in a southerly or south-easterly direction from the railroad station. That, Gentleman, was the L. Q. White factory, and this particular occasion, the 24th day of December, was the pay day in that factory. If I am informed correctly, the regular pay day fell on the Thursday of that week, but Thursday being a holiday, Christmas Day, the pay day of the employees was the day before.

We shall show you, Gentlemen, that upon that day, or sometime before, arrangements were made with the Bridgewater Trust Company for the paymaster to go there and get the money for the payroll for that week. We shall show you that the man with the paymaster, who in this instance was Alfred E. Cox and had been, I think, since 1890, went to the Bridgewater Trust Company by previous arrangement, arriving there sometime between 7:00 and 7:30, I think, and received the pay of that week for the factory, and the amount that he received from the official at the bank was in the neighborhood of $35,000 to $40,000. The exact amount will be brought to your attention by one of the witnesses who was in the office of the factory that day and who later, after what took place in Broad and Hale Streets that morning, counted the money when it was brought by Mr. Cox on the Ford truck. We shall show you that when he received this money in security boxes, two or three, the dimensions of which witnesses will give, that they were placed in a large galvanized box, large enough to contain the three, and that then the cover of that box was put down and fastened by two locks by some sort of arrangement which was attached to the flooring of this truck, and after that was put into the galvanized chest Mr. Cox got on the top of it and sat on it and Mr. Bowles sat on the front seat of the truck with the driver.

The driver at that time was Mr. Earl Graves, who has since deceased from natural causes, as the District Attorney stated in his opening when you took your view in the case. As I say, Mr. Graves and Mr. Bowles occupied the front seats and Mr. Cox sat on the galvanized iron chest with his back to the other two, perhaps six or seven inches away from them. This Ford truck which contained the chest and the three men proceeded at a slow rate of speed to the corner that you observed yesterday near the café or eating-room as Broad Street comes into the Square. The truck turned to the right, proceeding down Broad Street. At the time, Mr. Bowles was an officer and he was armed. When the truck had gone a short distance and before reaching Hale Street, you will recall, Gentlemen, that the first street to your right as we went down Broad Street—you remember the road—there appeared somewhere in the roadway two men, one of whom had a revolver in his hand and the other had a shotgun. We shall show you from witnesses in this case, several of them, that the man who had the shotgun in his hand at this point was the defendant at the bar. He proceeded up toward the approaching truck and started firing at the occupants of that truck.

Some of the witnesses will tell you that they saw him fire two shots; some of them heard three shots. The truck did not stop. Mr. Bowles drew his revolver and started firing at the assailants in the street. There was an electric car just about that time which was somewhere in the vicinity of Hale Street running down with one line of tracks in the centre of Broad Street, which you noticed was there a very wide street, and an automobile that was of the Buick type, 1920 make, seven passenger, was in the vicinity of Hale Street with the rear end toward Broad Street. The truck proceeded along and turned round to the left of the electric car which was standing or moving at the time, I am not quite certain about it, but the witnesses will tell you, and started down in an easterly direction toward the railroad station, and when it got by the electric car the defendant proceeded from there—the man who is described as the defendant proceeded along on the south side of that electric car, and as the truck proceeded toward the station this man fired from the shotgun another shot at the occupants of that truck, and as the truck proceeded down the street it struck a telegraph pole, the pole that was pointed out to you by the District Attorney yesterday near a large tree just easterly of the driveway leading into the railroad station.

The Commonwealth will present witnesses, one man of good repute in Bridgewater who started that morning from his room on Hale Street to the garage that was pointed out to you on the north side of Broad Street. It is not exactly on Broad Street, but you saw the pathway which leads to the entrance of the garage, the front entrance being on the main street of the town, just north of Broad Street. As he came along, this witness crossed Hale Street on to Broad Street and saw a man running in the road toward the centre of the town, within a few feet from him, and we shall show you that on this particular morning, the day before Christmas, the weather was bright and clear and objects were easily distinguishable; that this man proceeded along towards the center of the town and the witness saw coming from the direction of the town this truck with the three men on it. He will tell you how the man was dressed; he will tell you about his having a long overcoat on and no hat or cap on his head, and a shotgun in his hand. This witness looked at that man. He watched him. He saw him fire with the shotgun at the occupants of that truck—saw him fire more than once, and saw him later go into a standing automobile, and he will tell you that it was a Buick, seven passenger car,

(Please Turn to Page 1082)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

Hold This Candle

By BEN WASSON

"The Buck in the Snow," by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper & Bros.

THE day was awaited. Throughout five years the day was awaited. One said to another, "When will the day come, the day that will bring us another book of poems by Edna St. Vincent Millay?" Now the day has come. We would unfurl banners to celebrate the event. In our hands we hold the bright banners and there is the roof-top above us and an October sky. The book has been read. Three times now it has been read and the banners are in my hands and an October sky, lovely and blue above me. I cannot go upward and unfurl the banners to the wind. I am puzzled. Something has happened. That is what Sherwood Anderson might say. "Something has happened."

Why do I close this volume of poetry titled "The Buck in the Snow" with a sense of brooding regret, a nostalgic sadness? It is good poetry, much of it, but it is not good enough; that is, all but the first superb poem "Moriturus" which does fulfill a promise, the promise that Miss Millay gave at the beginning of her career when she wrote "Renascence."

Later than "Renascence" there came a little verse that might well have been the credo of the younger generation. It impudently declared a burning of the candle at both ends and, brief though the life of the flame might be, its light was lovely. Somehow, this latest collection gives me the feeling that its author has learned a lovely light is not omnipotent. She holds the candle. It burns and in a poem she urges, "Shelter this candle . . . Hold it steady."

Again the question recurs: why is there disappointment? Again, I turn the pages of the book, re-reading. "Moriturus," noble and unrelenting with its magnificent final stanzas, is followed by a number of poems technically flawless, of considerable excellence but the searched-for thing is not there: enough growth, enough tallness of spirit. There are lines that are beautiful and full of quiet dignity but it is the effect as a whole that does not come off. Yet there is the title poem, "The Buck in the Snow," with its tragedy done in long cadenced and simple lines that shows the author who has acquired wisdom which only the blessedness of pain can render.

Throughout the sonnets and to the close of the book I have inquired. Even the sonnets do not satisfy me and of all the forms of verse with which she has experimented the sonnet seems the medium in which one expects to find her true greatness, even though the proof of it, thus far, has largely come in the lyric.

Frankly, these words seem to sum up an apology. Even with that summoning, for me Edna St. Vincent Millay has the finest voice of them all. When she declares "The anguish of the world is on my tongue," I know that it is true. I only wanted her to utter it and she will yet do it. That, I hope, is certain.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. The stories, some curious and some sad, but all interesting, of an odd assortment of people. Reviewed Oct. 10.

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: Alfred A. Knopf. This amiable if mechanical story of an old man, his sons and his grandson, will please admirers of Deeping's novels. Reviewed Oct. 10.

All Kneeling, by Anne Parrish: Harper's. This amusing story of a sweet trouble maker will please those who like their irony very light. Reviewed September 19.

Swan Song, by John Galsworthy: Scribners. The end of the grand story of the Forsytes. Reviewed August 1.

Non-Fiction

The Buck in the Snow, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper's. Reviewed in this issue.

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. This fine biography adds greatly to the validity of the Ludwig vogue. Reviewed October 3.

Abraham Lincoln 1809-1858, by Albert J. Beveridge: Houghton, Mifflin, 2 vols. Although by no means as fine as Beveridge's "Marshall," this is an important book. Reviewed October 3.

Disraeli, by Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles; Appleton. You will enjoy this charming and vivid portrait. Reviewed Feb. 22.

John Brown's Body, by Stephen Benet: Doubleday, Doran. This noble attempt at an American epic deserves wide reading. It contains some of the finest of contemporary verse. Reviewed Sept. 5.

Still Carrying On

By MILTON BYRON

Harness, by A. Hamilton Gibbs: Little Brown & Co.

HARNESS is a conventional English novel—only more so. Michael Gordon is a typical example of the young English gentleman soured on the world as a result of the war. He marries a girl suffering from the same post-war maladjustment as himself. They settle down in a little cottage outside London and each sets about to have a career. He writes without great success, while she goes on the stage and becomes a celebrity almost over-night. Her success goes to her head and she becomes, at least to us, almost unbearable. But Michael in his understanding, sacrificing way, realizes how hard it must be for her and is forbearing. Things go from bad to worse. Husband and wife scarcely see each other. However, Michael realizes that she must be allowed to express her own personality and is content to hope that everything will work out in time. He has his hands full writing an expose of the war. Things, of course, do work out. Michael learns that Pat is being talked about in connection with her leading man, and, for once, asserts himself, goes to town and beats the fellow up. When he gets sufficiently stirred up, he *is* human.

The plot is not new or startling. But it might at least have been handled in a more satisfactory manner. There is inspiration in the English tradition of "carrying on," but Major Gibbs, because of his deep and serious feeling on the subject, rather overdoes it. He has proved that he can tell a story well, and we have come to expect that of him, but there is no denying that he lets his public down in his latest book.

In spite, however, of the book's many weaknesses Major Gibbs's ability to plumb the depths of his characters' mental processes rouses our active interest in the welfare of Pat and Michael and enables us to understand their

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

respective viewpoints on life in general and each other in particular. There is no really likable major character in the book. One feels some pity for Michael, but his trusting stupidity is tiresome. Two minor characters, Pat's sister, and an old country chemist, are real and lovable.

One of the principal faults in this story is that it is too obvious. When one opens a book to find a retired British army officer "carrying on" patiently in spite of everything, one knows what to expect. And in "Harness" one's expectations are not disappointed. The fault, in the end, seems to be just the one mentioned above—that Major Gibbs takes his whole theme and his characters a bit too seriously. After all, the spirit of "carrying on," commendable as it is, loses a great deal of its dignity and impressiveness when the fact is so continually borne in upon one.

Women In Exile

Extraordinary Women, by Compton Mackenzie: Macy-Masius.

Compton Mackenzie, by choosing burlesque for his method, handles his subject in exactly the right way. To the normal world the tragic attitude toward perversion so much in evidence at present is pretty tedious. In "Extraordinary Women" the author paints a brilliant and entirely just picture of the agonies of a group of those unfortunate ladies, undersexed and overstimulated, who are always a nuisance and sometimes a menace to the societies in which they move. His particular women live apart on an exotic island, making much ado and stewing in their own juice. Like all their sisterhood, they have overflowing sensibilities, poor dears, but no substance. The book is clever, full of epigram and witticism, written with the indolent grace which characterizes Mackenzie's best work, and some of the characters and many of the scenes are very funny. In spots it hangs a little heavy. The intolerable boredom which descends upon one after an hour or so spent in the company of any daughters of Lesbos has occasionally engulfed Mr. Mackenzie. Nevertheless, it is diverting and may help those who are inclined to take the increasing prevalence of "extraordinary women" too seriously to get back their perspective and recognize them for the sometimes pathetic but predominantly absurd figures that they are.

▸▸ Readers and Writers ◂◂

By ERNEST BOYD

Julien Benda, the author of "The Treason of the Intellectuals" (Morrow), is not—or ought not to be—an unfamiliar name to readers in this country. In 1913 Gilbert Cannan translated his novel, "The Yoke of Pity," and some of his more important critical and philosophical writings have appeared in English and American magazines.

Before the war Julien Benda had established a reputation in his own country as a trenchant critic of the then fashionable Bergsonian philosophy and as a graceful and stimulating writer on æsthetics, but not since his onslaughts on Bergsonism has any book of his stirred up so much controversy as that which now appears in the English translation of Richard Aldington.

What is his thesis? According to a statement on the jacket: that the modern intellectual leader has become a promoter of war. While true, this is an oversimplification of a theme so closely reasoned and so comprehensive in its implications that only a careful study of the book itself can leave the reader without certain misapprehensions. The word used in the original text for intellectual, in this special connection, is "clerc," which Mr. Aldington translates as "clerk," explaining in his preface that he is using the word as it was used in Chaucer's time and as it survives in the expression "clerk in holy orders," that is, the opposite of a "layman," the term employed by M. Benda as the antithesis of "clerk."

Until recent times, Julien Benda contends, it has been the function of the intellectual to serve and uphold disinterested, or ideal values. Those values are essentially at variance with the realistic values, the practical ideals of the men of action and the average citizen; they are universal, abstract, unconditioned by local or temporal circumstances. The intellectual is, by definition, a critic of the world as it is—a Utopian. Civilization depends upon the juxtaposition of these two elements in society, the realists and the idealists. A world in which only the practical realists existed would be barbarism. A world in which only realists prevailed would soon cease to exist. Civilization demands that the morality of the layman shall be influenced by that of the "clerks," but not that the former shall influence the latter. M. Benda proves that the situation has been reversed and that the idealists have surrendered to the realists.

There are two ways in which the intellectual can influence the layman. He may discharge his function without any pretense of being an educator by simply offering the practical world the spectacle of a life wholly devoted to the disinterested service of ideal values. Or he may deliberately undertake to transform the morality of the layman, either by declaring war upon his adversaries or by compromising with them in order to gain their confidence, and so effect a change.

The case is very different when the "clerk" begins in all sincerity to accept the practical values of the realist and to organize the world accordingly, exposing to ridicule and neglect those disinterested ideals which it is his duty to uphold. Then he forfeits his claim to be regarded as an intellectual leader, as one of those who "speak to the world in a transcendental manner." As a result, M. Benda holds, the civilizing factor is lacking in humanity, which turns to pure realism with all the greater ease because the pseudo-"clerks" idealize their realism and make it more presentable. The philosopher becomes a pragmatist and practical organization is mistaken for civilization.

Such, in briefest outline, is the argument upon which "The Treason of the Intellectuals" is based. Surveying the contemporary scene the author sees: "a mass in whom realist passion in its two chief forms—class passion, national passion—has attained a degree of consciousness and organization hitherto unknown; a body of men who used to be in opposition to the realism of the masses, but who now, not only do not oppose it, but adopt it, proclaim its grandeur and morality; in short a humanity which has abandoned itself to realism with a unanimity, an absence of reserve, a sanctification of its passion unexampled in history."

If there is any common ground upon which practical and ideal values may be combined, M. Benda fails to indicate it. The best that he can hope is that these two parallel lines shall never meet, but that they shall continue to exist side by side. What he fears is that they are converging.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bridgewater Trial

(Continued from Page 1079)

dark colored—either a dark blue or dark green or a black color; that he saw this man and another man who was in the street at the time with a revolver and firing it,—he saw both of these men afterwards enter this automobile which was on Hale Street with the rear end backing up to Broad Street.

He will tell you, Gentlemen, that this car was curtained all the way round and that the curtains were down, that the defendant at the bar got into the front seat of that automobile and that this car started down Hale Street with these occupants and that before it went away the same witness got the rear registration number of that automobile and gave it to the Chief of Police of Bridgewater. We shall show you further that the number plate of that car belonged to a man who ran a garage in the town of Needham and that this plate or plates were stolen from him that week from his place of business. We shall show you further that that automobile belonged to a man in the town of Natick who went to Needham on the 22nd day of last November to visit a friend and left his car outside on the street, and while he was in visiting his friend his car was missing. We shall show you later, Gentlemen, that that car was found on the 17th of April in the patch of woods that you looked into yesterday along near that side wood road which leads into the main wood road going in from Manley Street; that it was found sometime that day in those woods with no number plates on the car. In it was found a coat and some change was found on the floor, the change being something less than a dollar, I think.

We will show you further that after this happened on Broad Street in Bridgewater, a car similar to this Buick car went by Grove Street in the vicinity of 7:30 or 8:00 o'clock on the morning of December 24 with the curtains down, proceeding along at a rapid rate of speed; and, Gentlemen, you will remember that Grove Street as we went down Hale Street and turned to our right by the rear of the Normal School, or the front, if that was the front, and then turned to the right again on to another street,—that is Grove Street from there to the main street of the town, which is south. And then we went across Grove Street to Prospect Street and went by the large cemetery on the right, and then we turned again to get round to the right and ran to another cemetery on the left of the wood road until we got to the house on the corner of Cochesset and Elm Street, called the Coacci house.

This witness saw the car go in that direction which we went yesterday, towards Prospect Street, and he will describe the car to you and we shall show you that on the 5th day of May this year this defendant was arrested by officer Connelly of Brockton, taken out of an electric car which left West Bridgewater that evening somewhere about 8:30 or 9:00 o'clock. Of the exact time I am not certain. The officer will tell you of that when he testifies. Still further, Gentlemen, we shall show you that the defendant had a conversation with Chief Stewart of Bridgewater and that he was fully warned of his rights by the Chief, who told him that he was not compelled to say anything if he did not wish to and that if he did talk what he said might be used against him. The Chief will tell you what that conversation was.

In substance, Gentlemen, the defendant was asked where he had been and he said that he went down to Bridgewater to see a friend, a man whose real name he did not know, but he said it was something like Pappy or Peppi, and that he got off the car at some place; that he saw the lights and he thought it was Bridgewater and that he walked in the direction or towards Bridgewater some two miles, he and another man named Sacco, who was arrested with him that night; that they went along towards Bridgewater and that he did not go into any house or even inquire of anybody as to where his friend lived or whether anybody knew him or not, in Bridgewater; that he had never been in Bridgewater or West Bridgewater before, and that they turned round and came back to the place where they started from, or near it, and waited for an electric car and took that car to Brockton. He said that when the car reached Campello they were arrested by Officer Connelly and Officer Bono, who was with Connelly.

The Commonwealth will show you by evidence that the defendant was in West Bridgewater before that night. We shall show you that on the 14th or 15th day of April of this year this defendant and the same Sacco took a car at West Bridgewater for Brockton about the same time at night that they took the car on the 5th day of May. They took the car at Sunset Avenue, you remember that, Gentlemen, when the District Attorney pointed with his finger up to the sign and said "This is Sunset Avenue." That is where the defendant took the car with Sacco on the 14th or 15th day of last April. We shall show you that on the night that these two men were arrested they were with two other men, one whose name was Boda, and we shall show you that Boda lived in that little house on the corner of Lincoln Street and South Elm where a shed was in the rear, that we pointed out to you; that Boda had been living there for some months, since about the first of last December. We shall show you that the car which you saw in that garage yesterday at Elm Square was Boda's Overland car, and the owner of that car, Mr. Johnson, lived in the little house next to the overhead railroad bridge just north from the garage toward Brockton. He had that car in the garage since about the 14th or 15th of April, and he made arrangements with the Johnson people to go for it at some time.

Now, Gentlemen, they went down,—Boda and another man named Ociani, the defendant at the bar, and Sacco,—two of them went there by motorcycle. The defendant and Sacco went by electric car, starting from Sacco's house in Stoughton and changing at Brockton. The garage was locked up. Some of them went to the Johnson house. Mr. Johnson was in bed or was getting ready to go to bed, and Boda, who was well known to both of the Johnsons, inquired if his car was ready, or some such talk took place, and being informed that it was, Mr. Johnson made preparations to go out. Mrs. Johnson at the time made some statement with reference to going to the Bartlett house to get some milk. You remember the Bartlett house.

THE COURT. There is reference to some conversations?

MR. KANE. Mrs. Johnson went to the Bartlett house and had some talk with Mrs. Bartlett and either while she was there or when she was coming out this defendant at the bar and Sacco were walking up and down the sidewalk and Mrs. Johnson identified the defendant at the bar, the man who was walking up and down with Sacco. Some one said in English "his wife" and sometime somebody who spoke in English spoke up and said, "We haven't time to wait for it and we'll go and send for it in the morning." Then the two started away in the car and Sacco and Vanzetti started north, taking the car

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the vicinity of the Johnson house, in the vicinity of Sunset Hill. And a gentleman who knew both of them by sight will tell you about seeing them on that night.

Now in addition to that we shall show you that this man Boda besides having an Overland car was seen driving a seven passenger Buick car of the type of that car that was found in the wood sometime during last February in the vinicity of the Coacci house where Boda lived on Lincoln Street or some of those streets in that neighborhood. In addition to what I have said to you about the scene that took place on Broad Street, we shall show you by a reputable witness, Dr. Murphy, who occupied the cottage house that sits in the rear or is attached to the other house near Hale Street, was in his bedroom that morning and heard shooting and looked out to see what was going on. He saw a man without any hat on, with a long coat on, and saw him get into the front seat on the right hand side of this auto, a Buick automobile, and push the gun in ahead of him, lift up the curtains and go in. He went out on to the road afterwards, this witness we shall produce, and picked up a shell, a shotgun shell, within five or six feet of the curbing and that was a Winchester 12 gauge shotgun shell. You shall see that shell, Gentlemen, in the trial of this case.

When this defendant at the bar was arrested they found on his person four shells, three of them of the Peters type of shotgun shell, and one of them a No. 12 Winchester shell. In addition to that we shall produce evidence from the State Officer that when this car was found in the woods off Manley Street he found a shell near it on the ground and that it was a No. 12 Winchester shell. In addition to that we shall produce a witness here who that morning before the shooting on Broad Street—Gentlemen, I am corrected by the District Attorney, who says that the shell that was found on the ground in the woods in the morning was a Peters shell and not a Winchester, and that the defendant had three Peters shells on his person when arrested and one Winchester. We shall show you that on that morning a witness who left Sunset Avenue on the way to Fall River, taking the electric car and getting off at the Square where Broad Street comes into the town, just before half past seven o'clock in the morning, went on the left hand side and after she had gone a little ways she started to cross to the right side of the road and saw an automobile close to the sidewalk with some men in it, with the curtains down, and as she tried to get by the automobile, not knowing whether she heard the engine going or not, she says the car was stationary. Therefore she crossed by the front part of that car within two feet of it. She noticed the man in the front seat looking at her, staring at her, and she stared at him for some seconds as she proceeded along, and she heard him talking to the other man in the front seat in a foreign language. Gentlemen, she will tell you that the man who was in that front seat,—one of them,—was the defendant at the bar. This woman went down to the railroad station and when she arrived there—whether it was just at the time of her arrival or immediately afterward, she does not recall—she heard shots and she looked up toward the town, up Broad Street, and she will tell you that she saw some smoke. We shall show you that as Bowles went along in the truck down toward this pole, that it was running that short distance, and getting to the pole I believe that he will testify that he returned the fire at the assailants in the street. Nobody was injured, no wounds were received by anybody. The money was intact and was taken down by the men on the truck to the L. Q. White factory and delivered there.

Gentlemen, I think I have covered all the facts in this case which the Commonwealth intends to prove. If there is anything that I have forgotten, failed to call to your attention, you will get all the evidence we have in our possession from the witnesses as they appear upon the stand. I think, Gentlemen, that is all that I have to submit to you at this time.

It will be noted that the prosecutor in this statement dwelt at length on Vanzetti's confused account of what he had been doing before the arrest, and his failure to give the name of the friend he had been visiting. This was to establish the fact that Vanzetti had been untruthful when he was arrested, to set up what is legally termed "consciousness of guilt." Well, Vanzetti himself never denied that he had told lies when he was arrested. He admitted it, and he gave the reasons. They are to be found in his pamphlet, "Background of the Plymouth Trial":

"When arrested and interrogated we told lies . . . The very day of the arrest we read in the newspapers that our comrade Salsedo had been thrown out of a window to his death from the eleventh floor of the Park Row building in New York, where he had been unlawfully and incommunicado confined by the Federal agents, together with comrade Roberto Elia . . . Eugene Debs, one of the few men of the world, one of the best of America's children, was in the Federal Prison in Atlanta . . . We had reasons to be afraid, personal and historical reasons . . . To give a name, an address or information, would have meant to cause homes to be raided, finding of libertarian literature and private correspondence, hence terrorized, divided families, arrests, indictments, deportations and so on. Why should we turn spies? We are not men to betray friends and comrades for self liberation: never! Being coerced to speak and determined to hurt no one, we were compelled to lie."

The Outlook quotes this passage because only thus can Vanzetti's cogent explanation of his conduct be presented. He was dissuaded by his counsel from taking the stand. In this, the Plymouth trial, he was defended by John Vahey, subsequently a law partner of Frederick Katzmann, the District Attorney who prosecuted the case.

Mr. Vahey's assistant made the opening statement to the jury, as follows:

▶▶*Opening Statement for the Defense by Mr. Graham*

Gentlemen of the Jury: The defendant, Vanzetti, lived at the time of the arrest, as has been shown, at 35 Cherry Street in North Plymouth. On the day of the alleged shooting, which was the day before Christmas, he was engaged in peddling fish. The 24th, or the day before Christmas, the day preceding the holiday is a fast day among the Italians. We shall show you that it is a fast day which has special significance and is specially observed by the Italians in general; that various articles of food are prepared and used on that day which they do not have or attempt to have on any other fast day. That on the Sunday preceding the 25th, or Christmas day, Vanzetti went around to take orders from his various customers in the section where he delivered fish; that he delivered fish to some of those customers during the week, and that on the 24th, Wednesday, the day preceding the holiday, he was delivering fish to his customers.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We shall show you that on the day before the 24th, on the 23rd, perhaps to go back a step farther, he was delivering fish; that he had during the week obtained from Boston a barrel of eels which were an article of food specially used by the Italians on that particular day; that on the night of the 23rd he was at the house of a man named Breni on Suasso's Lane; that while he was there on that evening a part of a pig was brought to the house which Breni had purchased. We shall show you of the purchase of the pig by Breni and of the arrival of the pig at the house and of Vanzetti's presence on the night of the 23rd when the pig was delivered at the house. We shall show that after he left Breni's house on the night of the 23rd he went to his house on Cherry Street and there prepared the fish which he was to deliver on the 24th and which were delivered on that day; that he did up his fish, some of it in the cellar and some of it in the kitchen; that it was done up in paper—newspapers chiefly—tied up with a string with a slip of paper under the string indicating to Vanzetti himself where the fish was to be delivered and the amount that was to be paid for the fish—that is, the weight and the amount that was to be paid for it.

We shall show you that on the night of the 23rd while at Breni's house he asked the little Breni boy, who was about twelve to fourteen years old, judging from his looks, if he would go out with him next morning to help him deliver the fish as he, Vanzetti, expected to have a horse. The Breni boy will tell you that he was there at the time, and he remembers it because of the fact of his going out with Vanzetti and riding on the team the day before Christmas, and he had been counting the days before Christmas, which enabled him to recollect the particular day. We shall show you that Vanzetti worked on the fish until about midnight, went to bed at his home, 35 Cherry Street, and the next morning a man named Balboni who worked at the Cordage factory, who lived back on Cherry Street, talked with him.

When I say talked with him, I mean that Balboni, coming from the Cordage Factory to Cherry Street, Cherry Street being on the side of the hill Balboni would have to go past and beyond the house where Vanzetti lived, —that he came over from the factory, went to the house of Vanzetti there and first spoke with the lady whose husband is the head of the house where Vanzetti lived; that the lady called out Vanzetti; that after a few moments Vanzetti came downstairs in his stocking feet, I think without any outside shirt of any kind on —in his undershirt and trousers—and that was shortly after a quarter after six in the morning, because Balboni got through work at the cordage factory at six o'clock; that he got his fish from Vanzetti; paid him for it and went home; that thereafter Vanzetti went out, going to other places—I am not going to attempt to give you each place that he went to—and before he went out the lady whose husband runs the house prepared for him some hot milk which he drank and then he proceeded out. He took some fish down to Mr. Di Carlo, who runs a shoe shop on Main Street; that he met the Breni boy down there in that neighborhood; that the Breni boy's father, who works at night, had gone down the street in the morning, which was his custom after breakfast, and after whatever he had to do around the house, he did, and the Breni boy's father sent the Breni boy back to the house to get his rubbers, because it was a muddy day; that he then came back to the house at Cherry Street after delivering fish to Di Carlo, and the Breni boy came back then to the house on Cherry Street where Vanzetti was loading his fish on a wheelbarrow; that the Breni boy had some talk with him about expecting to have a horse, and he told the Breni boy, which was a fact, that after going down to Di Carlo's he went to Bastoni, a baker, to see if he could get his horse for the day. I think he got to Bastoni's about a quarter past seven and Bastoni told him he was going to use both the truck and the horse and it being the day before a holiday, he could not allow him to have either one of them on that day. While he would be glad to accommodate him, his business would not permit him to do so; but he came back and loaded up the wheelbarrow, which he was doing at the time the Breni boy came in. His reason for loading up the wheelbarrow was because he had to go up Cherry Street, to Cherry Place, off Cherry Street up the hill, and in addition to the wheelbarrow he had a two wheel push cart in which he delivered fish but he would not take the push-cart up the hill beacuse of the muddy heavy travel. It was too difficult to push the pushcart up there, and he filled the wheelbarrow and delivered the fish. One of the customers to whom he could not make or for whom young Breni could not make change, with Breni, the woman came down and talked with Vanzetti and got the change from him. After delivering his fish to the Cherry Street place in the South Cherry Street section, he swung back again to his house, got the fish cart and went with the fish cart and went through Cherry Street and down Court Street, and he will give you the names of numbers of persons he saw. We shall produce a number of persons in Cherry and South Cherry Street who saw him down in that direction. We shall show that he spent the day in delivering fish and in the evening he was at Breni's house where he put in the stockings of the Breni boy and those of the other Breni children some money as a Christmas gift. He had lived for six or seven years with the Brenis. We shall show you that his mustache at that time was and always has been the same as it is at the present time; that he never had a trimmed, close cropped, well trimmed mustache of any description; that he always had his mustache a long flowing mustache such as you see that he has today. We shall show that the overcoat which he had at that time was not the overcoat that was brought in here by the Chief at Mr. Vahey's request; and that he never had and never wore a black overcoat; that he never drove an automobile, that he does not know anything about driving an automobile, the only thing practically that he has ever driven is a pushcart and wheelbarrow and that he pushed his load of fish around; that he was not in West Bridgewater on the morning of this affair and that from the place that he was and the time that he was at those places, he could not possibly have been in West Bridgewater on the morning of this affair. Now, you have heard the evidence of the Government and we simply ask you to listen patiently and attentively to the evidence for the defense—the witnesses who know as to his whereabouts on that morning, know his whereabouts on the evening before and know where he was and what he was doing on that day so that you may be able to determine the true situation. Those people will tell you for the defense about Vanzetti. Some of them are persons well acquainted with him. Others are persons who have taken fish from him and know him simply as the man from whom they got their fish, have no interest in him, no interest in the case or the outcome of the case.

THE COURT. I would suggest to you, Gentlemen of the Jury, as I did before the opening was made by the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Assistant District Attorney for the Commonwealth, that an opening statement is simply a statement that Counsel intends to offer evidence with a view of establishing certain conclusions. It is suggested here that the statements that were made as to the subject matter and conversation between the defendant and various people would be incompetent. Counsel for the defendant, in opening, agrees, of course, that that is the law. It is competent under a comparatively recent decision that you can hear that he had a talk about certain subjects. That is competent because the Supreme Court says that it is a fact and not conversation. But, generally speaking, I'll repeat what I said before—an opening statement, whether made by the defendant's attorney or the Assistant District Attorney, that statement is never evidence. You will determine from the evidence which you hear from the witness stand and nothing else.

THEN followed the trial itself, and the calling of the witnesses by both sides to bear out the cases made by the prosecution and by the defense in their opening statements.

During the testimony of Chief of Police Stewart for the prosecution, the questions he put to Vanzetti in the Brockton police station, immediately after the arrest, and Vanzetti's evasive, often untruthful, answers, were introduced into the record. A stenographer had been present. Stewart had asked:

"Are you an American citizen?"

"No."

"Have you taken out first papers?"

"No."

Mr. Justice Thayer, after this testimony had been read aloud, ordered that it be disallowed. But he did not exclude the questions and answers which followed:

"Do you belong to any clubs or societies?"

"No."

"Are you an anarchist?"

"Well, I don't know what you call them. I am a little different."

"Do you like this government?"

"Well, I like things a little different."

"Do you believe in changing the government by force?"

"If necessary."

"Do you subscribe for literature or papers of the anarchist party?"

"Sometimes I read them."

One may wonder just what bearing all this had on the attempt of gangsters to rob a pay truck in Bridgewater; but there it is, in the record.

The most graphic description of the crime came out of the testimony of Bowles, guard on the pay truck, who fired twice with a revolver at the gunmen. One of them had a revolver, and was shooting at the truck. Another, with a shotgun, blazed away just as the truck turned to the left around the trolley car standing at the corner of Hale Street. How excited all of them were! Not even a pellet from the shotgun found human flesh.

"What became of the truck?" Bowles was asked.

"After that I looked down and saw the driver was in the bottom of the truck. I said, 'Get up and drive this car.' But he didn't get up. I kept trying to get him up and I got hold of the wheel—I had to do something, the car was zigzagging and I was afraid it might run into a telephone pole."

That is what it did. It ran into a pole, and, the gunmen having piled into their Buick for a frantic getaway, men came over from the factory and took the strong box there.

Bowles was certain Vanzetti was the man with the shotgun. When asked for a description, he said:

"As I said, he was a man five feet eight inches, I should judge, about twenty-eight or thirty years old or somewhere along there, dark mustache, long coat, no hat on. His forehead hair, I should judge—it looked to me that day pretty near an inch high—the mustache was trimmed on the side.—" (On the side, please note!)

"Who is the man?"

"I see him this morning in the dock."

"How sure are you, Mr. Bowles, that the man in the dock is the man that you saw with the shotgun?" (This was objected to, and allowed.)

"I am positive," said Bowles.

On cross-examination Bowles admitted that at the time of the arrest he was not so sure Vanzetti was the man with the shotgun, but in general he stuck manfully by his identification. "I was always pretty sure he was the man," he said.

There were twenty witnesses for the State, who described minutely the stirring happenings on Broad Street at Hale that morning. Some were positive that a Buick car parked outside the court-house (which the State contended had been used by Vanzetti), was the very car on Hale street that morning. And then there was Mrs. Georgina F. Brooks, who said some hard things about Guinea Oates, seated at the wheel of the gangsters' machine. She told of getting off a street car and walking down toward the railroad station, crossing Broad to the east side just above Hale, and walking in front of the curtained Buick. Thus she saw the driver.

"What was he doing?"

"He was sitting at the wheel watching me."

"And you were looking at him?"

"Yes."

"How long did you continue to look at him?"

"Well, as I walked over I kept turning around to look at him. . . ."

"How did he look at you?"

"I should say very severe."

"Severe?"

"Yes, sir."

Mrs. Brooks kept looking back at that car all the way to the railroad station—half a mile away—she said. She was positive that the driver had a mustache, and that there was another man seated beside him. The other man, however, she could not describe. All her attention was centered on the driver.

IT IS FAIR to say that the most damaging of the State's evidence—and there are 324 typewritten pages of it—has now been presented to the reader. In regard to the identification, it is clear that, if the man with the shotgun had been Vanzetti, he must have clipped the ends of his mustache for the occasion. None of the witnesses said that this gangster had a flowing mustache.

For the defense, twenty-two witnesses, nearly all Italian, testified. Mrs. Mary Fortini, with whom Vanzetti boarded, told of the arrival of a barrel of eels for Vanzetti, (there was no documentary evidence of this) to sell on the day before Christmas, a fast day. She said that at a quarter past six on that morning a man named Balboni (who subsequently verified her statement), called on his way home from night work to get a pound and a half of eels he had ordered the day before, and that Vanzetti, awakened by her call, came down the stair in his stockinged feet to fill the order. She testified through an interpreter.

A controversy arose between the lawyers about the competence of certain testimony. Vanzetti, from the dock, said:

"Can I ask a question?"

"No," said Vahey; "sit down."

Mrs. Fortini heated some milk for Vanzetti's breakfast before he went out. A boy, Beltrano Breni, came to see about

(Please Turn to Page 1088)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

IT IS difficult to say precisely what kind of musical comedy Dillingham's new production, "Three Cheers," was intended to be with Fred Stone in the lead. Further, it is quite impossible to imagine what it will be like when Fred Stone rejoins it, to play opposite Dorothy. Because as it is presented now, Will Rogers, gallantly pinch-hitting for Stone, so completely overshadows the whole show and so completely turns it inside out, that Shakespeare himself would find it difficult to tell what it was all about in the beginning.

So far as we could gather at the Globe the other night, it was meant to be a story of an indigent, royal couple who rented their palace and themselves to a movie director in order to pay off the debts of their kingdom, and who ended by going to Hollywood—at least we think it was Hollywood. They got on a boat to go somewhere at the end of the first act. And Will Rogers said that if he hadn't been there probably the whole company would have burst into "Ole Man River" in imitation of the boat scene in "Show Boat." Anyway, they went somewhere for the second act, and became a couple of "wows," to return in the end to their royal palace, well-heeled and everybody happy. This is the story as we understood it, although we are perfectly willing to be told that it is not the story at all.

MAINLY, naturally, the show is Will Rogers. Will Rogers pretending to try to remember Fred Stone's part as the king. Will Rogers trying to do Fred Stone's dances, and nearly dying of old age in the attempt. Will Rogers trying vainly to sing Fred Stone's songs. Will Rogers explaining to the audience that at this point he will have to leave out one of Fred Stone's acrobatic acts. Will Rogers trying to play opposite Dorothy, and finally from weariness lying down flat on the stage to sleep on his hat. In brief, Will Rogers himself, stopping the show, and succeeding in telling all his best jokes about Hoover and Coolidge and Smith; making stump speeches, counting the votes of the audience, giving freely of his reminiscences and, only incidentally, being a character in the comic opera.

Otherwise it's the usual musical show. There are the sixteen Tiller girls—sixteen, count 'em—all alike and giving the impression that they travel from one show to another along Broadway, evenings. There are the comedy songs, the changes of scene, the beautiful costumes, the ordinary acts and skits; and as leading lady, finally, there is Dorothy Stone, herself—dancing, singing, doing imitations and, at last, when Will Rogers is too exhausted for further work, taking what was originally her father's part.

It makes a good, pleasant evening. It is so good-humored and natural that it almost seems like seeing show people on a holiday, where each person tries to entertain the crowd and nobody cares much, one way or the other, just what it's all about. There's a sense of absolute ease and genuineness that is very unusual. And this ease contributes very materially to the unquestioned success of "Three Cheers."

Dorothy Stone, herself, is not yet to our mind a great musical comedy star. She lacks clear-cut personality. To make up for it, she has a most unusual gift of mimicry and character dancing. She can imitate any kind of dancing and any kind of dancer—even Fred Stone himself. But throughout these things, she is always merely doing imitations; so that she herself is somewhat lost sight of. No clear personality emerges; with the result that she cannot yet carry a show alone, no matter how much she adds to the entertainment in this one—which she unquestionably does.

REMAINS that modern phenomenon, Will Rogers, for whom there is no explanation and likewise no description. When a man can come out in bare feet and a dress suit and sing a thing called "The Lard Song," whose refrain goes "lard de dard de dard," and send his audience into gales of laughter, it cannot be denied that he has ability. Not only has Will Rogers this, he has a great many other things beside. He is Ed Wynn, sometimes, in his wistful efforts to do all the things Fred Stone is supposed to do, and his inability ever to make the grade. He is a political orator of the first rank in his ability to play upon the feelings of his audience with insults and jokes and quips, which lash each party indiscriminately and come sometimes with such kaleidoscope quickness that partisans are forced to choke their laughs in their throats to keep from laughing at themselves.

His suggestion that Ben Turpin would make the best President, to his mind, because he is the only man who can look in two directions at once, was only equaled by his sincere declaration that he could have elected Mr. Hughes President if he could have shaved him. There was even food for thought for Mr. Raskob in his remark that the reason Democrats are against the usual large Republican campaign fund is because if the Democrats ever got so much money as that together at once, they would simply divide up, shake hands and call it a day.

NO ONE can quarrel with Mr. Rogers. He loves the world, and he loves everybody in it and he thinks everybody is equally absurd and lovable. He sticks to no dialect—he will begin a story as a Southern negro and end as a Yankee farmer. He is everlastingly good hearted and willing to please, and, as he informed his audience, has only one fear: that his jokes will all get over to his audiences right away, without any explanation, which would make the show end at ten o'clock.

In "Three Cheers" he is at his best, because most of the comic opera characters are continually engaged in trying to get him off the stage; away from the curtain so that the show will have some chance to go on—which is not much, because the audience apparently cannot get enough of Will Rogers.

Yet, much of the comic opera itself is very good. Particularly the duet between Andrew Tombes and Patsy Kelly, entitled "Because You're Beautiful"—as satirical and unsentimentally sung a ditty as we have ever listened to. In particular, some of the scenes were costumed in the most exquisite manner, resembling old Spanish paintings of the time of Queen Isabella (we think). The music is just fair.

But, as we remarked in the first place, no one can say what the show really is like, because it is entirely obscured and interrupted by Rogers until it bears no discernible resemblance to anything any one has ever seen. With Fred Stone, we imagine, it will turn into something else again. But whatever it becomes, it will be hard to beat the present "Three Cheers."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOSTON

A NOVEL BY UPTON SINCLAIR

AUTHOR OF "OIL"

This novel, inspired by the heat and fury of the Sacco and Vanzetti case, paints a vivid picture of present day New England civilization. So close to life has Mr. Sinclair kept, that all classes of Society from Italian laborers and anarchist agitators to bankers, judges and governors will imagine themselves portrayed on this great canvas. A narrative full of drama and social contrast, ending in a heart-breaking climax and written in the usual brilliant and daring style of the author of "Oil".

Simultaneous publication in America, Great Britain, Germany, Russia, Sweden and Czechoslavakia. Translations also under way in France, Poland, Holland and Japan.

2 volumes $5.00

Order your first edition now. Publication date November 12

ALBERT AND CHARLES BONI—PUBLISHERS

66 - 5th AVENUE, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bridgewater Trial

(Continued from Page 1085)

helping him distribute the eels, she said. The boy, then thirteen, is now a Boston University student.

Mrs. Fortini told how Vanzetti returned once or twice to the house to get fresh supplies of eels. Part of them he delivered in a borrowed wheelbarrow, part in his pushcart. She had never seen him, she said, with clipped mustaches; she remembered distinctly that on Christmas morning, when he came downstairs, he had flowing mustaches, "just like he has now."

Here is how the prosecution undertook to break down Mrs. Fortini's testimony that Vanzetti got up at 6:15 the morning of the crime, a circumstance which might have been fastened on her mind by the unusual fact of a visitor at that early hour:

"What time did Vanzetti get up on the day after Christmas?"

"I don't remember."

"What time did Vanzetti get up on the first day of this year?"

"I don't know."

"What time did Vanzetti get up on Washington's birthday of this year?"

"No, I don't know."

And so on, for half a dozen more questions of that nature. What time did her eldest son—a man of twenty-seven—get up on the day before Christmas. That sort of interrogation continued for pages.

John di Carlo, a shoe-maker who had known Vanzetti seven years, ordered eels from him the Sunday before Christmas, and testified that they were delivered on the twenty-fourth, while he was cleaning up the shop, around seven o'clock. Hear Mr. Katzmann in cross-examination:

"You sweep out your store at the same time every morning, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Who came into your store on the twenty-third of December, between seven-thirty and seven-forty, if anybody came in?"

"On the morning of the twenty-third, nobody came in. . . ."

"Who came into your store on the twenty-seventh of December in the morning?" And so on, for pages. Here is another sample:

"Now, Mr. Carlo, are you a friend of Vanzetti's?"

"No, I am a friend of his the same as all the rest. . . ."

"Have you been paid any money to come here?"

"I don't know."

"Have you been? Don't you know whether you have or not?"

"No."

"Your business would be going on today if you stayed to take care of it, would it not? You have lost your day's business in coming here."

"My son stays there. . . . I can work half an hour at night and make up."

"Are you losing half a day from your work to come here and testify—yes or no?"

"Yes."

"You are friend enough of Vanzetti's to come at two o'clock and stay until four-twenty-two without pay, are you not?"

"Yes."

Di Carlo was questioned as to whether he had ever heard Vanzetti make a speech, as to whether they had discussed governmental theories, as to whether they had talked about the question of the poor man and the rich man. He answered in the negative, and was sharply challenged by the District Attorney.

Several times Vanzetti's junior counsel (not Mr. Vahey), protested that the interpreter was incorrectly quoting the replies. Such an incident came during the cross-examination of Mrs. Fortini, when she was recalled to testify to the delivery of the eels by the American Express Company wagon. Apparently the junior counsel understood Italian. "She said more than that," he interrupted, and explained what her reply to a question had been.

"I don't think you ought to say that," said Mr. Justice Webster Thayer sharply; "the criticism is unusual."

Mr. Vahey then spoke up. "What is meant by that?"

"I mean what I said," retorted Mr. Justice Thayer.

Vahey again protested, and the Court replied:

"I see no reason for any explanation at the present time. Hereafter when there is any criticism to be made of an interpreter, you will come to the desk and make your suggestions."

Vincenzo Breni, father of the boy who helped Vanzetti deliver the eels, had known Vanzetti seven years. He said that at Christmas time his mustaches had not been cut short. He had worn the same flowing mustaches all the years Breni had known him. Mr. Katzmann took the witness in hand.

"When did he (Vanzetti) have his hair cut around last Christmas?"

"This I don't remember."

"Does he have his mustache trimmed when he has his hair cut?"

"No, sir. . . ."

"I suppose you can tell about every acquaintance of yours, whether he had his mustache trimmed or not?"

"Yes, if they are friends of mine."

"You have a lot of friends over there, have you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You could tell this jury whether the mustache of any friend of yours in Plymouth had been trimmed or not, could you not, on last Christmas—yes or no?"

"Yes, I can."

Vanzetti had lived at the Breni home, and the testimony of the Breni boy, evidently a bright lad, seemed to be regarded by the District Attorney as damaging, for his cross-examination was tortuous and prolonged. Beltrando was quite clear as to the circumstances of delivering the eels, and Mr. Katzmann undertook to show that he had memorized the story. The cross-examination alone takes twenty-nine pages of the record. Only by reading it in full can one understand its nature.

Mrs. Marquetta Fiochi was another witness who said she had never seen Vanzetti with his mustache clipped.

"What did you look at his mustache for?" Katzmann asked on cross-examination.

"Because he was writing and I was looking at his face."

"He was not writing with his mustache?"

"No, he was writing and I was looking at his face."

"Has he got heavy eyebrows or light eyebrows?"

"I don't know. . . ."

"You don't know what his mustache looked like the day before Christmas, do you?"

"I did not notice it."

So it went. Many of the witnesses were questioned closely as to whether Vanzetti had made speeches to the workers at the Cordage plant—which dominates Plymouth industrially—or elsewhere; and those who testified about his mustache were questioned in somewhat the fashion indicated by these excerpts. The Outlook believes these excerpts present a fair picture of the manner in which these simple folk were confused and their testimony discredited.

During the rebuttal testimony, as the long trial was drawing to a close, the jury was excused. The stenographer's memorandum says:

(Please Turn to Page 1090)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE REDUCING METHOD THAT BUILDS HEALTH

Tower

EXERCISER & REDUCER

$79.50 COMPLETE

Reduce Any Part of the Body

Reducing may be effected on any part of the body by simply applying the vibrating belt to that section which is overweight. The TOWER EXERCISER and REDUCER is ideal for reducing the limbs, shaping the hips, for abdominal fat, and for reducing the neck, shoulders and chest. In addition to this it can be employed as an excellent facial and scalp massage, stimulate the growth of hair and reducing headaches through stimulation of the circulation.

Scientific Vibration Quickly Eliminates Flabby Flesh

Why allow unsightly flesh to cause you embarrassment? Thousands of users are proving the success of this amazing device. Its gentle and scientific vibratory massage quickly eliminates fat from any part of the body. No diets or harmful drugs are necessary—merely short daily treatments over a limited period are required. You too can enjoy the benefits of this wonder-machine. Slender beauty, new vigor and youthful health can easily be yours. Clip and send coupon below—it will more than repay you.

INVIGORATING—ENJOYABLE—SAFE

There is nothing better than massage to tone up the system, strengthen the muscles, improve functions of the internal organs and increase resistance to disease. The vibratory massage offered in the TOWER EXERCISER and REDUCER produces more beneficial effects than can be obtained by manual manipulation. It is thoroughly safe and enjoyable. It promotes an invigorating effect that assures physical fitness. Circulation is stimulated and the body is kept at normal weight—all of which means renewed energy, new vitality, and sound health.

Relieves Pain

Treatments with the TOWER EXERCISER and REDUCER prevent or relieve the many troubles and conditions which undermine health. Its highly beneficial massage relieves stiffness, soreness and numbness. It alleviates painful neuralgia, rheumatism and headaches. It is also highly beneficial in preventing hardening of the arteries, constipation, colds, insomnia and faulty circulation.

Beautiful in Appearance

The TOWER EXERCISER and REDUCER is beautifully finished in ivory and black. It is finished in a variety of pastel shades, assuring color harmony in the home. It is light in weight, portable and quiet in operation. The TOWER guarantee of satisfactory service stands back of it!

Weight 50-lbs., portable, may be used on table or stand. Easily installed.

SEND FOR THE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

LOWEST PRICED QUALITY VIBRATOR SOLD

IMPORTANT

Tower Mfg. Corp.
122 Brookline Ave.
Boston, Mass.

Gentlemen:

Please send me free booklet and complete information on the TOWER EXERCISER and REDUCER.

Name .....

Street .....

City .....

Mail this coupon to Dept. D.D.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bridgewater Trial

(Continued from Page 1088)

"It was agreed that the Court was in doubt as to the competency of certain evidence and the Court instructed Counsel for the Commonwealth not to offer that evidence of the loaded revolver (found on Vanzetti when he was arrested), but on reflection the Court, on examination of the authorities, had come to the conclusion that the evidence should be admitted. Its particular bearing on the case would be explained later in the charge for it was limited to one particular question."

Vanzetti's junior counsel, not Mr. Vahey, protested.

"Motion denied," said Mr. Justice Thayer, "one of the reasons being that it was not seasonably made. The defendant accepted."

FIFTEEN pages of the charge to the jury are missing from the only record of this case now in existence. The remainder follows:

So that, gentlemen, to sum up, it means: First, what is the fact and what is the truth,—What took place at the Johnson house that night? What statements were made, if any, to Chief Stewart by the defendant? You must determine first what was said and what took place, and then, having determined that, you must find out whether the acts and statements and the conduct of the defendant had any casual relationship with the alleged crimes. If there was no casual relationship as I have told you between Vanzetti's carrying of a loaded revolver and the alleged crimes, why it is of no consequence. It has no place in the jury room, if you do not find such casual relationship; and it is equally true with reference to the representations made by the defendant to Chief Stewart, if you find he made such representations.

Now to sum up, what is the fact? What does all this mean?—and when you have determined what it all means, then that simply means this—that it is a fact the same as other facts which you will take into consideration as bearing upon the question of the guilt or the innocence of the defendant. As I have told you, if in your final analysis you find it has no bearing, no connection between the two things, disregard it. If you find that it has, give it what weight you think it is entitled to as bearing upon the question of the guilt of the defendant.

Now, gentlemen, I think that covers most of the claims of the Commonwealth. I'll repeat what I have already said—they are simply claims. What weight should be given them rests with you. The defendant denies the claims, not but what they are made, but claims that you should not reach the same conclusion that has been reached by counsel for the Commonwealth. So you must determine what is the fact and what is the truth.

The defendant has set up a defense on an alibi, which word means when translated—elsewhere; which means in its probative effect if established that the defendant could not have committed the alleged crimes because he was somewhere else. In other words, the defendant says that he could not have committed the alleged crimes because at the time he was in Plymouth. If you find such to be the fact, that is an end of this case. If he was in Plymouth at 7:15 or 7:20 or thereabouts he could not have been in Bridgewater. That, gentleman, again is a question of fact. The defendant maintains that position as strenuously as the Commonwealth maintains its position. The defendant claims such to be a fact, and on the other hand, the counsel Commonwealth strenuously opposes that claim made by the defendant. Now, you must stand between the parties, as I have said, with fairness, with impartiality, and say what is the fact and what is the truth. Because the witnesses are Italians no inference should be drawn against them. People are supposed to be honest, to be truthful, to be innocent. You have seen them, you have heard them and looked into their faces. You have heard or seen if they have any interest, their motive. You have heard their entire story and now it is for you to say what is the fact, and take the alibi in connection with the testimony of the Commonwealth and then you will say and you must say that the Commonwealth has satisfied you beyond a reasonable doubt that this defendant, first, was present on the morning of December 24th, 1919, that he had a shotgun in his hand and that he fired the shotgun at the men on the truck before you can find him guilty. As I have already said, that is a question of fact which you must determine; the court cannot assist you in any way and you have heard the arguments of the Counsel and if the court has not fully and completely or even fairly stated the claim of either counsel that has been made or suggested to you it is your duty in the jury room to consider every suggestion and every argument that has been made by the counsel. Both parties are entitled to that at your hands irrespective of what may have been said by the court. The court only intends to state to you the law in order that you may apply the facts to the law. But whatever counsel have said they have a right to ask you to consider every suggestion and every line of argument that they could make, with the view that you may in the final analysis determine what is the fact and what is the truth.

MR. KATZMAN. The Commonwealth is content.

THE COURT. And now I am about done. Is there any suggestion?

MR. VAHEY. The defendant is content with your Honor's remarks.

THE COURT. Now, gentlemen, both sides are satisfied. Now I am about to commit this case into your hands. It is an important case to both sides. All I can ask you is to bring to your aid your highest and best ability, your knowledge of human nature, your knowledge of affairs of the world—your ability to discern the truth. All I can ask of you is to use those faculties and those abilities because that is what you are called upon to do—to render a verdict that is true. That is the meaning of the word—a declaration of the truth. Now, gentlemen, you may take this case to yonder jury room, a sacred sanctuary where may the God of Justice and of Truth and Fairness preside over all of your deliberations.

The officers will come forward and be sworn.

(The jury retired at 10.50 A.M. to their room and at 3.40 P.M. they returned to the courtroom for additional instructions. When they entered the foreman handed a paper to the court.)

THE COURT. I have been asked the following question by the jury: can we return a verdict of assault with a dangerous weapon, in the indictment of murder?

As I take it, that question refers to the indictment with three counts in it?

THE FOREMAN. Yes.

THE COURT. My answer is yes: Three counts here as I have already stated to you. One charges the defendand with an assault upon Alfred E. Cox with intent to murder him; the second count charges him with assault upon Earl Graves with intent to murder him. The third count says "the jurors aforesaid charge the defendant with assault upon Benjamin F. Bowles with intent to murder him."

(Please Turn to Page 1092)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Can You Guess This Man's Age?

See if You Can Tell Within 25 Years; the Author Couldn't; But he Stuck With Hobart Bradstreet Until He Revealed His Method of Staying Young

HOBART BRADSTREET, THE MAN WHO DEFIES AGE

I USED to pride myself on guessing people's ages. That was before I met Hobart Bradstreet, whose age I missed by a quarter-century. But before I tell you how old he really is, let me say this:

My meeting-up with Bradstreet I count the luckiest day of my life. For while we often hear how our minds and bodies are about 50% efficient—and at times feel it to be the truth—he knows *why*. Furthermore, he knows how to overcome it—in five minutes—and he showed me *how*.

This man offers no such bromides as setting-up exercises, deep-breathing, or any of those things you know at the outset you'll never do. He uses a principle that is the foundation of all chiropractic, naprapathy, mechanotherapy, and even osteopathy. Only he does not touch a hand to you; it isn't necessary.

The reader will grant Bradstreet's method of staying young worth knowing and using, when told the secret.

And here is the secret: *he keeps his spine in trim.*

Any man or woman who thinks Spine Motion doesn't make a difference should try it! It is easy enough. I'll tell you how. First, though, you may be curious to learn why a healthy spine puts one in an entirely new class physically. The spinal column is a series of tiny bones, between which are pads or cushions of cartilage. Nothing in the ordinary activities of us humans stretches the spine. So it "settles" day by day, until those once soft and resilient pads become thin as a safety-razor blade—and just about as hard. One's spine (the most wonderfully designed shock-absorber known) is then an unyielding column that transmits every shock straight to the base of the brain.

Do you wonder folks have backaches and headaches, That one's nerves pound toward the end of a hard day? Or that a nervous system may periodically go to pieces? For every nerve in one's body connects with the spine, which is a sort of central switchboard. When the "insulation," or cartilage, wears-down and flattens-out, the nerves are exposed, or even impinged—and there is trouble on the line.

Now, for proof that sublaxation of the spine causes most of the ills and ailments which spell "age" in men or women. Flex your spine—"shake it out" and they will disappear. You should feel the difference in *ten minutes*. At least, I did. It's no trick to secure complete spinal laxation as Bradstreet does it. But like everything else, one must know how. No amount of violent exercise will do it; not even chopping wood. As for walking, or golfing, your spine settles down firmer with each step.

Mr. Bradstreet has evolved from his 25-year experience with spinal mechanics a simple, boiled-down formula of just five movements. Neither takes more than one minute, so it means but five minutes a day. But those movements! I never experienced such compound exhilaration before. I was a good subject for the test, for I went into it with a dull headache. At the end of the second movement I thought I could actually feel my blood circulating. The third movement in this remarkable SPINE-MOTION series brought an amazing feeling of exhilaration. One motion seemed to open and shut my backbone like a jack-knife.

I asked about constipation. He gave me another motion—a peculiar, writhing and twisting movement—and fifteen minutes later came a complete evacuation!

Hobart Bradstreet frankly gives the full credit for his conspicuous success to these simple secrets of SPINE-MOTION. He has traveled about for years, conditioning those whose means permitted a specialist at their beck and call. I met him at the Roycroft Inn, at East Aurora. But Bradstreet, young as he looks and feels, thinks he has chased around the country long enough. He has been prevailed upon to put his SPINE-MOTION method in form that makes it now generally available.

I know what these remarkable mechanics of the spine have done for me. I have checked up at least twenty-five other cases. With all sincerity I believe nothing in the whole realm of medicine or specialism can quicker re-make, rejuvenate and restore one. I wish you could see Bradstreet himself. He is arrogantly healthy; he doesn't seem to have any nerves. Yet he puffs incessantly at a black cigar that would floor some men, drinks two cups of coffee at every meal, and I don't believe he averages seven hours sleep. It shows what a sound nerve-mechanism will do. He says a man's power can and should be unabated up to the age of 60, in every sense, and I have had some astonishing testimony on that score.

Would you like to try this remarkable method of "coming back"? Or, if young, and apparently normal in your action and feelings, do you want to see your energies just about doubled? It is easy. No "apparatus" is required. Just Bradstreet's few, simple instructions, made doubly clear by his photographic poses of the five positons. Results came amazingly quick. In less than a week you should have new health, new appetite, new desire, and new capacities; you'll feel years lifted off mind and body. This man's method can be tested without risk. If you feel enormously benefited, everything is yours to keep and you have paid for it all the enormous sum of $3.00! Knowing something of the fees this man has been accustomed to receiving, I hope his naming $3.00 to the general public will have full appreciation.

The $3.00 which pays for everything is not sent in advance, nor do you make any deposit or payment on delivery. Try how it feels to have a full-length spine, and you'll henceforth pity men and women whose nerves are in a vise!

HOBART BRADSTREET, INC., Suite 9878
506 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I will try your Spine-Motion without risk if you will provide necessary instructions. Send everything postpaid, without charge or obligation, and I will try it five days. If I find Spine-Motion highly beneficial I can remit just $3 in full payment; otherwise I will return the material and will owe you nothing.

Name .....

Address .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Merry Christmas
LET'S DO OUR CHRISTMAS SHOPPING EARLY
LET'S MAIL EARLY OUR CHRISTMAS PACKAGES
LET'S PUT AWAY TILL CHRISTMAS DAY
1928
Sold for THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER

You may save

VALUABLE LIVES

by buying these

CHRISTMAS LABELS

↓

Mail a post card to

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE CONTROL OF CANCER

34 East 75th Street
New York City

EUROPEAN SCHOOLS

Italy

Florence, Mrs. Steven, nee Notarbartolo 52 via dei della Robbia keeps finishing school for girls. The house is very comfortable; is in a residential part of town with a lovely garden and two terraces and has all modern conveniences. Italian is the predominant language—The best teachers are provided. Prospectuses and addresses for reference are given on application.

Switzerland

BELMONT (GENEVA)
FIRST-CLASS FINISHING SCHOOL FOR GIRLS
Modern languages, music, eurythmics. Winter Sports. Summer holidays in the Alps. Best references in America. **Apply to Outlook Travel Bureau or the Principal, Mademoiselle Aubert, 6 Clos Belmont.**

MUSICAL ALARM CLOCK

YES, I SAID MUSIC!
Because it plays sweet tunes instead of annoying ringing. Imported. Keeps perfect time. Highest class workmanship. Send for free catalog No. 36 of Musical Novelties.
MERMOD & CO., 16 East 23rd St., N.Y.

Twentieth Century Christianity

By **Charles W. Eliot, L. L. D.**
And other liberal religious literature sent upon request
G. T. Carr, Station A-22, Worcester, Mass.

The Bridgewater Trial

(Continued from Page 1090)

As I told you this morning, if the weapon such as a gun, as has been described in this case, was found to be a dangerous weapon and at the same time you find that the defendant did not intend to kill either of the persons named in each of these counts, you would return the verdict of guilty of an assault with a dangerous weapon. In order to maintain the allegation complete you must find an intent to murder. If it was as I told you, simply an intent to commit an assault with a dangerous weapon with a view of frightening, or with any other purpose other than with an intent to kill, then under such circumstances your verdict would be guilty of an assault with a dangerous weapon. So you see, gentlemen, that depends upon what you find with reference with that one word "intent." If he intended to kill him that means murder. A deadly weapon is one likely to produce death or grievous bodily harm. That means something if you find that a gun was an instrument that was liable to cause death or grievous bodily injury. So, gentlemen, all I can say is that if you find it to be a fact that the defendant did commit an assault with a dangerous weapon and at the same time did *not* intend to kill, then you may return a verdict of guilty of an assault with a dangerous weapon. And of course when you return you will be asked with reference to three counts. If you find the defendant guilty of an assault with a dangerous weapon, the clerk will probably inquire "under which count?" If you find him guilty only under one count, you will say so; under two counts you will say so. If you find him guilty under three, you will say so.

I want to correct the statement in which I said that if the defendant had a dangerous weapon in his hand and he shot intending to kill, that would be murder. That would not be quite right, because there has been no actual killing. It would be simply an intent to murder inasmuch as no death followed the intent, and death must follow the intent in order to be murder. Does that answer your question, Mr. Foreman?

THE FOREMAN. I think so, yes.

The jury then retired again. At 4:18 the jury came in with its verdict, finding the defendant guilty of an assault with a dangerous weapon with intent to rob; guilty on the first count with assault with intent to murder; and guilty on the second count in the indictment charging defendant with an assault on Earl Graves; guilty on the

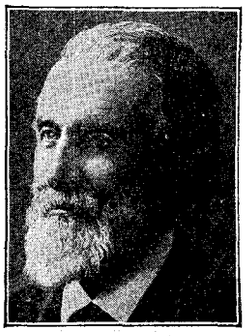
GREATEST SINGLE CAUSE OF ILL HEALTH

Prof. Foges, Head of the Great Medical Clinic of Vienna, says: "The human intestinal tract is the most prolific source of dangerous disease."

"The Lazy Colon"

BY CHARLES M. CAMPBELL AND ALBERT K. DETWILLER, M.D., of New York

SEEMED DESTINED TO DIE YOUNG



Sir Herman Weber, an eminent English physician, was descended from exceptionally short-lived ancestors for four generations. He decided to try for a long life. His celebrated book on "Longevity" was published in his 95th year. The principles he lays down are fully digested in the very interesting chapter on Longevity in "The Lazy Colon."

Newer methods in the treatment of intestinal stasis (constipation and allied disorders) since the first use of the X-Rays in the study of the intestinal tract. Not a health book in the ordinary sense or one given to theories or fads, but derived from the investigations of over 300 physicians and scientists of international reputation. One of the important books of the decade, *simple in language*, full in detail, authoritative, very interesting.

The greatest enthusiasm has greeted this book. Printings of over 37 000 copies have already been required. Every purchaser had the privilege of sending back for refund if desired. Yet returns have been less than 100 copies on the first 24,000. No other fact could indicate half so clearly its absorbing interest and exceptional value.

The President of the largest corporation in the United States, in ordering 12 extra copies for friends, wrote: "I have read The Lazy Colon with a great deal of interest and benefit. It is a fine piece of work, in a high degree original, wisely written and packed with information from the most authoritative sources."

Hon. Wm. R. Green, Chairman of the great Revenue Committee of Congress, wrote: "A good title for this fine book would be **How to Add 20 Years to Your Life."**

Professor John Dewey, Columbia University: "I have read the book with much interest, parts of it several times. You have rendered us all a service by making this material available."

Martin W. Barr, M.D., noted physician and author: "Sat up most of last night reading this delightful and masterly book."

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, Battle Creek, Michigan: "The authors are to be congratulated on producing this excellent work."

Some of the 36 Chapter Titles

Biggest Dividends Paid by a Healthy Colon; Putrefaction in the Colon; Surprising Theories of Water Drinking; Mysteries of the Intestine Revealed by X-Rays; Some Curious Causes of Intestinal Stasis; Commonest Form of Stasis; Startling Theories of Self-Poisoning; Story the Urine Tells; Hardening of the Arteries and High Blood Pressure; Purgatives—Their Proper and Improper Use; Mineral Oil as a Laxative; Bran or Agar, Which?; Vitamin Facts; Greatest Menace of All; Intelligent Use of the Enema; The Coated Tongue—Its Cause and Meaning; Is Sugar of Milk the Long-Sought Remedy?; New Light on Longevity; Good Complexions and Loss of Hair; A Bad Colon, Bad Teeth; Starting Right with Children.

SEND NO MONEY **Examine for five days at our risk**

Simply fill out and mail the coupon. We will send you *The Lazy Colon*. Read it 5 days **FREE.** Then decide—either return the book or remit only $3 in complete payment.

THE EDUCATIONAL PRESS
4 East 12th St., Dept C 38, New York City

Please send me a copy of *The Lazy Colon*. I will either send you $3 in full payment within 5 days after receipt or return the book.

Name .....
Print out

Address .....

City ..... State .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peppy-Shep
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
TAM
ENSEMBLE

ORIGINATED BY

Bromley-Shepard

The TAM is of fine imported Angora yarns in all colors. Light as air and fluffy as down. Washable. **$12.00**

The Frock is two-piece, front plaited skirt on body lining and the Russian blouse may be had with or without contrasting jersey color bands **$25.00**

Bromley-Shepard Company, Inc.,
Factory and Main Office, Lowell, Mass.

580 Fifth Avenue, NEW YORK
1613 30th Street, WASHINGTON, D. C.
19 W Jackson Blvd., CHICAGO
488 Boylston Street, BOSTON

56732
432
24,508,224

Think— and Write the Answer

Do multiplication in any amount mentally—just think and write down the answer. Use the original copyrighted calculation methods for bookkeepers and accountants as taught in Mental Multiplication by Charles Lipkin, C. P. A.

Send $1 for your copy to the publishers

LIPKIN & LIPKIN
1 Ann Street New York City

third count in indictment assault upon Benjamin Bowles, and guilty of all three counts in the last indictment.

Expressing his thanks and that of the Commonwealth for the Jury's "splendid and efficient services" in the "long, tiresome and painful case," the Judge added: "Duty requires that cases of this kind must be dealt with and they must be dealt with in accordance with the law because it is necessary that this kind of case should be heard and they should be heard by twelve fair, just and impartial men. You may go to your homes with the feeling that you did respond as the soldier responded to his service when he went across the seas to the call of the Commonwealth. I thank you, gentlemen."

DURING all this trial, as you have noticed, no documentary evidence was produced that Vanzetti had any eels to sell the day before Christmas, 1919. All the testimony was by witnesses. Vahey never looked for any documentary evidence so far as we know. And the lack of it was a grave fault in Vanzetti's defense. When Governor Fuller, who had been induced by the pressure of world-wide opinion to consider executive clemency, appointed an Advisory Committee of President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University; Judge Robert Grant and President Samuel Wesley Stratton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—when he appointed this committee, such documents had not yet been produced.

Four days, however, before Governor Fuller, backed by his advisory committee, found Sacco and Vanzetti "fairly tried and guilty," he heard as witnesses Gardner Jackson and Aldino Felicani of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee.

As the men were leaving the Governor's office he asked abruptly how he could be sure that Vanzetti was selling eels that day, instead of participating in the Bridgewater hold-up. He was reminded of the many witnesses who had testified, including the boy who helped deliver the eels.

"I know all about them," the Governor is quoted as having said. "I am a business man, you know. I am used to proof before I decide anything. There isn't a single document in this case proving that Vanzetti sold eels. There's only the word of his Italian friends. Why don't you bring in some proof?"

An Italian fish peddler, of course, does not give a bill of sale to his customers. The only proof possible was that eels had been shipped to Vanzetti. This was late one Saturday afternoon.

Highlights from a list that has won the
APPLAUSE OF A NATION!

Here is a rich variety of the season's best reading—novels of every kind, biographies, books on travel, world topics, Americana. Send for free copy of Century Books and Authors.

The New Temple
by **Johan Bojer**
A powerful novel of Norwegian youth in revolt, a sequel to *The Great Hunger.*
$2.50

A Little Clown Lost
by **Barry Benefield**
A touching love story of the South. "Benefield's best book."—*N. Y. Herald-Trib.*
$2.00

Day of Fortune
by **Norman Matson**
The best-selling "odyssey of American youth," praised by all the critics.
$2.50

Other Fiction

Tents of Wickedness $2.50
by M. R. McCallum
Babe Evanson $2.50
by Catharine Brody
The Golden Round $2.00
by Frances Winwar
The Door of Death $2.00
by John Esteven
Way For a Sailor! $2.50
by A. R. Wetjen

Mexico and Its Heritage
by **Ernest Gruening**
"The most vigorous, useful and comprehensive picture yet made of the complex conditions in Mexico."—*N. Y. Herald Tribune.* Illustrated.
$6.00

The Fringe of the Moslem World
by **Harry A. Franck**
Through the changing Near East with the "Prince of Vagabonds." Illustrated.
$4.00

A-Rafting on the Mississip'
by **Charles Edward Russell**
A glorious picture of lumbering days and men on the great river. Illustrated.
$3.50

Nights Abroad
by **Konrad Bercovici**
Nocturnal prowlings through the picturesque capitals of the Old World. Illus.
$4.00

The Turkish Ordeal $4.00
by Halide Edib
The Chevalier Bayard $4.00
by Samuel Shellabarger
The Impatience of a Layman $2.00
by Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy
Orital and Occidental Culture
by Maurice Parmelee $4.00

THE CENTURY CO.
353 Fourth Avenue New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Come Down to Sunny St. Petersburg FLORIDA

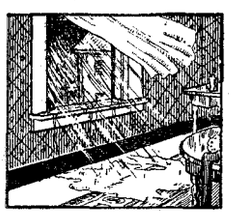
Resort Center of the Gulf Coast

FOR rest or recreation this winter come down to delightful St. Petersburg, the famous "Sunshine City" of Florida's Gulf Coast. Here winter days are warm and sunny . . . temperature around seventy . . . balmy breezes blowing through the palm trees . . . healthful sunshine 360 days a year.

St. Petersburg is a wonderful outdoor playground, providing a greater variety of sport and recreation than is offered by any other city of the Southland . . . Golf, boating, fishing, swimming, tennis, roque, lawn bowling, shuffleboard horseback riding—whatever you like.

A continuous round of entertainment. Finest accommodations. Moderate living costs. Excellent schools; Junior College. More than 100,000 winter visitors last year; still more this winter. Follow the crowd to "The Sunshine City." For booklet address, L. T. Conant, Chamber of Commerce, St. Petersburg, Florida.

Health plus Home Protection



WITH

V-W

WINDOW

Ventilators

A flow of clean, fresh air without draughts is assured at all times with the V-W Ventilators for Windows.

Protection of home furnishings is also guaranteed, for V-W Ventilators have patented R-shaped vertical louvers that stop all dirt, rain, and snow.

Write for "The Opening to Better Health."

The V-W VENTILATOR CO.
2887 A. I. U. Building
Columbus, Ohio.

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by NERVE EXHAUSTION. *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves!* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. Send 25c for this amazing book.
RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-9010 FLATIRON BUILDING, NEW YORK

Jackson and Felicani immediately communicated to Vanzetti's counsel the Governor's attitude on the point; and Herbert B. Ehrmann, well-known attorney, set out early Monday with Felicani to see whether, after seven years, they could turn up such evidence.

At the office of the American Express Company, the two were told that no records of that character were preserved for so long. They then began the weary round of the Atlantic Avenue fish dealers. Finally, they came upon the house with which Vanzetti dealt. It was now known as Corso and Gambino, 112 Atlantic Avenue; back in 1919 the firm had been Corso and Canizzo.

Corso was quite sure that he had preserved no such records. Why expect a firm to save for seven years the notes of a small barrel of live eels? But Ehrmann and Felicani were insistent. Human lives were at stake. Corso, ruminating, suddenly remembered that he had dumped a lot of old records in the loft above his shop.

Searching feverishly through these heaps of dust-laden papers and account books, Ehrmann and Felicani came upon an express receipt book. It was for the year 1919. Turning through its pages, they found entries showing shipment after shipment to Vanzetti; and then, in amazement, they discovered the entry showing that on Saturday, December 20, a forty-pound barrel of live eels was shipped to Vanzetti at Plymouth.

To make sure that Governor Fuller himself received the documentary evidence he had demanded, a ruse was adopted. A telephone message summoned his personal attorney, Joseph Wiggin, into the ante-room of the Governor's office. There Ehrmann personally turned the book over to him (in the meantime having made photostatic copies of certain pages), with an explanation of its vital importance. He received the assurance that the book would be brought immediately to the attention of Governor Fuller and of the Lowell Advisory Committee.

The undisputed testimony at the Bridgewater trial shows that the barrel of eels was delivered on the Monday before Christmas, that Vanzetti was not at home to pay the express charges, and that on Tuesday the eels were finally left at the Fortini house. The undisputed testimony shows that he spent all that day cleaning them, and worked until midnight—although John Vahey, Vanzetti's lawyer, did not summon the expressman as a witness.

Neither in the Lowell report nor in Governor Fuller's statement is there any mention of the American Express receipt. The Lowell Committee paid no attention to the Bridgewater case, save to say that it and the South Braintree killing "do not seem to bear the marks of professionals, but of men inexpert in such crimes." Governor Fuller referred more than once to Bridgewater. "Prior to the trial of the two men in this (South Braintree) case," he said in one place, "Vanzetti had been arrested, tried and convicted of an attempted hold-up on December 24, 1919, at Bridgewater, Massachusetts, and sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment." If this gives the impression that Vanzetti was twice arrested, it is

PLEASE USE ALL OF THE LINES IN EACH PAGE.
In lieu of signing each page of this book shipper has signed the agreement on the inside front page.
AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY at BOSTON, MASS.
RECEIVED FROM CORSO & CANNIZZO CO. the shipments hereinafter
Rated, subject to the classifications and tariffs in effect on date hereof, which shipments the Company agrees to carry
upon the terms and conditions of the uniform express receipt in effect on date of shipment. NOT NEGOTIABLE.
DATE | DESCRIPTION AND CONTENTS | VALUE NOT EXCEEDING UNLESS HIGHER VALUE IS DECLARED BY SHIPPER TO BE | CONSIGNED TO | DESTINATION | FOR THE COMPANY
FEB 20 1919 | | | Bridgewater
FEB 20 1919 | | | C. O. D. | East Stand
DEC 20 1919 | | | L. Vanzetti | Plymouth

The American Express Company's receipt confirming Vanzetti's statement that a barrel of eels was delivered to him just before Christmas

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a mistaken impression. As has been shown, he was arested but once in his life, and was then accused of both crimes. It is true that in open court, at the trial of the South Braintree case, no mention was made of the Bridgewater conviction; but it is a matter of common knowledge among Boston newspaper writers that the jurors knew of it; as, by that time, did every one connected with the case.

As for Governor Fuller, we have seen that he had knowledge of two vital developments after the men were sentenced to death; and before they were executed. One was Big Chief Mede's confessed knowledge that others than Sacco and Vanzetti had perpetrated the Bridgewater crime; the other was documentary evidence that Vanzetti did have eels to sell the day before Christmas. Why did he make no mention of either of them?

Repeatedly, Gardner Jackson and Felicani say publicly, they have asked the Governor why he omitted mention of the express receipt.

He is silent.

SUCH was the trial and conviction of Vanzetti, in a small Massachusetts town—without publicity, newspaper notice, or tumult. As a convicted gunman, and Sacco's good friend, then he was arraigned with Sacco for the second charge originally lodged against them when they were arrested. Both were tried for the Braintree crime, again before Judge Thayer—and convicted; still long before the storm of publicity.

How did that publicity begin? Very simply—with a man in Boston named Felicani.

Aldino Felicani, who helped find the American Express receipt for the eels shipped to Vanzetti, had spent six months in jail in Italy with Mussolini, in the days when Mussolini was a radical. After Felicani came to this country he learned to operate a linotype machine. At the time of the Dedham trial, for the South Braintree crime, he was working for an Italian daily paper, "La Notizia." He had no proof of the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti, but he knew Vanzetti personally. That was enough for him. He wrote letters to the editor, under different names, about the case; and Gratziano Longarini, the editor, published them. Felicani reported the Dedham trial by day, set up his story at night. The interest of the Italian community was aroused, and contributions for the defense began to reach the office. It wasn't long before Felicani was able to set up a separate publication, devoted mainly to this case, called "L' Agitatione."

Meanwhile the English-language press outside of Massachusetts—where the trial was reported merely as another of those gunmen crimes—was silent. Not until bombs began to be thrown at American consulates, legations and embassies in Europe and South America did the fact filter back to this country that two philosophical anarchists were on trial for their lives because of their opinions.

After that the agitation spread with amazing speed. A long roster—too long to be set down here—of distinguished leaders in thought, in public life, in letters, was added to the flood of telegrams, cables and letters of protest. Sacco-Vanzetti defense committees were formed in Boston, New York Baltimore and other cities. The daily press, especially toward the last, devoted many columns to the case. Yet even so the facts were not fully spread before the public in this country. The Bridgewater case, which was a foundation stone of the whole prosecution, was virtually ignored. Almost nothing was told about the lives, the characters, the conduct of these two men. The American public for the most part, shrugged its shoulders.

On the Boston "Globe" there was a reporter named Gardner Jackson. Like many other Boston newspaper men, he was convinced of the innocence of these men. He was persuaded that they were being railroaded to their death because their political convictions were unwelcome to the sovereign State of Massachusetts. He saw, or has said he believed he saw, that hate and fear were at the bottom of this persecution. And so, when dissension arose among the defense committees, as so often happens in belligerent groups, he stepped into the breach, gave up his job as reporter, and without pay assumed the chairmanship of the Boston Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee.

That committee has continued to work to the present day. The Jackson-Felicani committee however had nothing to do with instigating The Outlook's investigation of the Bridgewater case. The Outlook undertook the inquiry at the suggestion of Silas Bent, who had written nothing about the case and had taken no active interest in it, owing to other preoccupations.

Have You Read:

Hunger Fighters

By PAUL DeKRUIF. author of "Microbe Hunters". The October Book-of-the-Month. "A grand book!" —*William Allen White.*
Illustrated, $3.00

Bad Girl

By VINA DELMAR. A sensationally good novel. $2.50

Mother India

By KATHERINE MAYO. One of the most important boks ever written on the Orient. *Illustrated,* $3.75

Condemned

By BLAIR NILES. The first account in English of the mysterious Devil's Island Penal Colony.
Illustrated, $3.00

Houdini

By HAROLD KELLOCK. From the recollections and documents of BEATRICE HOUDINI,
Illustrated, $3.75

America Comes of Age

By ANDRÉ SIEGFRIED. Internationally acclaimed the best book of late years about America. $3.00

Genius and Character

By EMIL LUDWIG. Nineteen brilliant life stories of supermen—from Leonardo da Vinci to Lenin.
Illustrated, $3.50

Harcourt, Brace and Company
383 Madison Avenue, New York

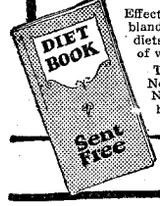
Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or, while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

CONTROL YOUR WEIGHT WITHOUT DRUGS OR TIRESOME EXERCISES

Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail-order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.



HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
294 Good Health Building, Battle Creek, Mich.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE OUTLOOK CLASSIFIED SECTION

COPY for Nov. 14 Issue due on or before Oct 31. Phone Stuyvesant 7874 . . . or write
THE OUTLOOK CO.
120 EAST 16th ST. NEW YORK CITY

Rates for Classified Advertisements 60 Cents a Line

Where to Buy or Sell — Where to Travel — How to Travel
Use this Section to Fill Your Wants

Tours and Travel

THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

JAPAN

The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook," to
JAPAN HOTEL ASSOCIATION
Care Traffic Dept.
JAPANESE GOVERNMENT RAILWAYS
TOKYO
for full information
Rates for a single room without bath and with 3 meals, $5–6 in cities and popular resorts, $4–5 in the country

Major Blake's Tours
England and Continent
Cars of every make for hire. Chauffeur or "Drive your own car" arrangement. Offices in leading cities. Free advice. Personal attention. Outlook Travel Bureau or
199 Picadilly, London, England

Hotels and Resorts

Arizona

RANCHO MANZANITA
Two hours from Douglas Ariz. A hundred thousand dollar guest ranch: Beautiful and modern. Steam heat, concrete swimming pool and tennis courts. Fine riding horses. Out door sports and recreation. All year climate. Now open. Wire or write Paul Davis, Mgr. Rancho Manzanito, Douglas, Ariz.

Bermuda

Private Club— Delightfully situated, has vacancies for early part of season. For information consult Outlook Travel Bureau.

Cuba

The Savoy, Havana F Esq. 15, Vedado. American plan. Moderate. Delightfully located. Well run. Rates, details, direct, or Outlook Travel Bureau.

District of Columbia

HOTEL POTOMAC Washington, D. C.
ONE BLOCK SOUTH OF CAPITOL
Quiet location. Moderate rates.

New York City

HOTEL BRISTOL
129-135 W. 48th St., N.Y.

ROOMS WITH BATH
Single—$3–$3.50–$4
Double—$5–$6–$7
Evening Dinner and Sunday noon . $1.00
Luncheon . . .50
Special Blue Plate Service in Grill Room
For comfort, for convenience to all parts of the metropolis, for its famous dining service come to Hotel Bristol. You'll feel "at home."

Hotel Wentworth
59 West 46th St., New York City
The hotel you have been looking for which offers rest, comfortable appointments, thoughtful cuisine. In the heart of theatre and shopping center, just off Fifth Ave. Moderate. Further details, rates, booklets, direct, or Outlook Travel Bureau.

Hotel Judson 53 Washington Sq., New York City
Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

Hotels and Resorts

New York

Hotel LENOX, North St., west of Delaware Ave., **Buffalo, N. Y.** Superior accommodations; famous for good food. Write direct or Outlook's Bureau for rates, details, bookings.

North Carolina

MIMOSA INN AND COTTAGES—Tryon N. C. Foothills Blue Ridge Mts. 500 mile trail. Horse-back and golf. Excellently run. Details on inquiry.

Cleveland Springs Hotel, Shelby, N.C. Ideally located. Excellently run. Moderate. Marvelous recuperation spot. Details—Rates on inquiry. H. D. Martin.

New Jersey

Pudding Stone Inn

Here, close by, but away from the whir of the town, you will find a quiet, restful inn amidst 12 acres of big trees, and where woodsy walks abound, besides comfortable rooms and excellent food. Write for booklet. Open all year. G. N. VINCENT, Boonton, N. J.

South Carolina

BELLAMY INN, Beaufort, S. C.
Open to guests October 15th, 1928. Lovely old Southern home, remodeled into exclusive Tourist Inn. Furnace heat, private baths, excellent table. Box 376, Beaufort, South Carolina.

Virginia

VINE COTTAGE—Virginia Hot Springs, Va., near medicinal baths, and Homestead Hotel, privilege of golf, tennis, swimming, horse back, moderate, excellent.

Washington

The CAMLIN, Seattle's most distinguished hotel. Smartly correct in guest facilities and service at sensibly moderate rates. Illus-brochure on request. H. L. BLANCHER, Mgr.

Real Estate

South Carolina

FOR RENT—Beaufort, S. C.
On the water—two handsome old Southern homes, beautifully furnished, furnace heat, large gardens and grounds. Bathing and fishing exceptional, shooting ducks, deer and quail. BOX 376, Beaufort, S. C.

1700-ACRE HUNTING PRESERVE BEAUFORT COUNTY, S. C.—For sale. Duck, quail, deer, turkey, fishing. Ten-room house, servants quarters. Coastal Highway and N. Y.-Florida Railway lines. A. L. White, M. & F. Bank, Spartanburg, S. C.

PROPERTY WANTED

SCHOOL OR SUITABLE PROPERTY—Wanted by experienced educator, information treated confidentially. Box 523 Outlook.

APARTMENTS

ATTRACTIVELY FURNISHED three-room apartment, refined private home, modern, reasonable rental, easy commutation, references. J 525 Outlook.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Real camp bargain, boys', girls' or adults'; equipped 100. Bungalows, lake, only $9,900; terms. 8741 Outlook.

STATIONERY

WRITE for free samples of embossed at $2 or printed stationery at $1.50 per box. Lewis, stationer, Troy, N. Y.

A Mart of the Unusual

Harris Tweed Direct from makers. Ideal sporting material. Any length cut. Samples free. Newall, 127 Stornoway, Scotland

C-FAR FIELD GLASSES, $2
Consists of two rimmed lenses in neat leather case, slips into vest pocket, weighs only 1½ ounces. Gives 6 diameters magnification. Money back if not satisfied. Send $2 today to BUFFALO OPTICAL CO., Dept. TO-1, 574 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

WANTED reliable,—experienced woman,—as helper in small home for children, comforable; attractive house in delightful surroundings. References. Box 387, Summit, N. J. or Phone 2278 Tuesdays or Fridays.

LADIES—Help Wanted—If you can sew at all, you can make extra money at home in spare time, working for us. For information address KEITH'S PUB. HOUSE, Dept. 50, Long Branch, N. J.

HOTELS NEED TRAINED MEN AND WOMEN. Nationwide demand for high-salaried men and women. Past experience unnecessary. We train you by mail and put you in touch with big opportunities. Big pay, fine living, permanent, interesting work, quick advancement. Write for free book, "YOUR BIG OPPORTUNITY." Lewis Hotel Training Schools, Suite BA-5342, Washington, D. C.

SITUATIONS WANTED

COMPANION and courier—Young woman with experience in each capacity open for engagements. References required and given. 8753 Outlook.

SECRETARY for school or Social Center. Several years experience. Speaks French & English. Would also consider position as secretary-companion to lady. Protestant. Non resident position preferred. References of the best. 8754 Outlook.

TRAINED nurse desires position as companion to lady. If no family, willing to share in domestic duties. 8755 Outlook.

WOMAN, Master's degree foreign travel, experienced in work in University, city and country, wishes position in country work; or partnership on farm with woman of liberal ideas, with interest in community life. 8756 Outlook.

COLLEGE WOMAN, graduate nurse, will accompany convalescent or young child, across continent or on ocean voyage, after Dec. 25th, for traveling expenses only. 8757 Outlook.

AMERICAN LADY—Protestant, experienced, young, as companion-nurse, housekeeper or secretary. 8758 Outlook.

Boys' Worker Young man would like position of Boys' Director in Settlement House, Parish, Y. M. C. A., or Tutor-companion. Engaged at present. Well qualified. 8748 Outlook.

EDUCATED, capable woman as governess, mother's assistant. 8759 Outlook.

College woman wishes position resident governess or select school. Would take full charge motherless children. Languages, mathematics, piano, physical culture, etc. Wide experience, with marked success in keeping pupils interested and happy. Refers former employers, North and South. 8752 Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a nine months nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

HOW TO ENTERTAIN

PLAYS, musical comedies and revues, minstrels, comedy and talking songs, black-face skits, vaudeville acts, monologs, dialogs, recitations, entertainments, juvenile plays and songs, musical reading, make-up goods. Catalog free. T. S. Denison & Co., 623 So. Wabash. Dept. 74, Chicago.

Use the Outlook Classified Columns

The following proves the result of finding the right medium for advertising:

"Dear Sirs:

I am pleased to inform you that I have sold my farm to a very desirable party in answer to advertisement in your weekly this fall.

Yours truly,
C. E. K."

Rates and full details for advertising in our Classified Columns sent on request.

EVA R. DIXON
OUTLOOK TRAVEL BUREAU
120 East 16th Street
NEW YORK CITY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED